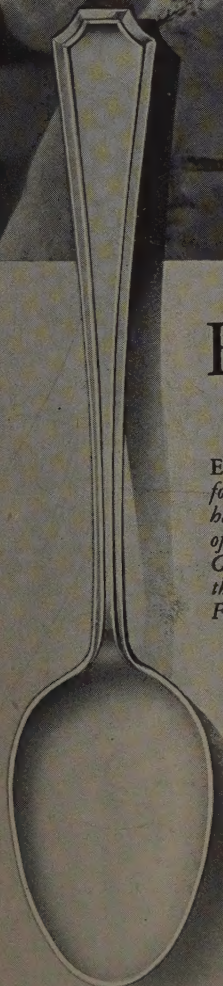
MAIN LIBRARY
CIRCULATING
1ST. FLOOR
APR 24 '26

FAIRFAX *by the Master Craftsmen*

EDWARD FAGAN,
for thirty years a Gorham Master Craftsman of the Durgin Division, Concord, N. H., giving the final clearing to a Fairfax tea set.

Supreme in its Colonial simplicity, Fairfax leads in sales all other sterling patterns in the world. It expresses that beauty so characteristic of Gorham's master craftsmanship. Your jeweler will gladly show you Fairfax in both flat and hollowware.



FAIRFAX PATTERN
in sterling silver

Tea spoons	*6 for*	*$ 9.50*
Dessert knives	*6 for*	*19.00*
Dessert forks	*6 for*	*21.50*

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Member of the Sterling Silversmiths' Guild of America

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

THEATRE MAGAZINE is published on the fifteenth of each month by Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N Y SUBSCRIPTIONS $4.00 a year in advance Yearly indexes 25c Entered as second class matter August 3, 1917, at the Post Office N Y; additional entry at the Post Office, Jamaica N Y., January 8, 1924, under the act of March 8, 1879.

Frock by Max Levine & Co.

Violet Heming
in a dress of

WHETHER she be a stage celebrity or simply a woman with a reputation of being smartly dressed, the frock of Cud'l-Doon will prove equally appealing. For Sportwear and everywhere, it is equally effective.

Sold in good shops everywhere. Identified by the Cud'l-Doon label.

I. A. WYNER & CO., Inc. Sole Distributors. 145 Madison Avenue, New York.

SHAWMUT WOOLEN MILLS, Inc., Stoughton, Mass.

A "Shawmut" Fabric

Cud'l-Doon is one of the fine knitted fabrics for which the Shawmut mills are known wherever fine fabrics are sold.

Cape Dress by Kornhandler & Kane from a Molyneaux Model

Miss Foster is now appearing in "The Patsy" at the Booth Theatre

Claiborne Foster in a dress of Cud'l-Doon

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

THIS rich jersey fabric with its silken interweave, will not stretch or sag. It is non-crushable. Take it from your overnight bag—shake it out—and it is instantly ready for use. In colorful pastel shades.

Sold at good shops everywhere. Identified by the Cud'l-Doon label.

I. A. WYNER & CO., Inc. Sole Distributors. 145 Madison Avenue, New York.

SHAWMUT WOOLEN MILLS, Inc., Stoughton, Mass.

A "Shawmut" Fabric

is all you need to know about the quality of a knitted material.

Cud'l-Doon is a typical Shawmut fabric—smart, distinctive, beautiful.

UNKNOWN BEAUTY

There are legions of lovely ladies in this land—hidden in tiny hamlets and great cities . . . in fact—for every beauty found by fame—a thousand pass unseen.

Is it any wonder that in this vast garden of Feminine Charm, TRE-JUR is acclaimed first aid to good looks?

In gun-metal, gold or silver finish, there is an exquisite compact case for every need. There's powder or rouge, single or double—each a gem of ingenuity—each supreme in the quality and purity of its ingredients.

Thinest $1
Double $1.50

Twin $1

Face Powder 50 Cents

If you would know the Compact at its best—know TRE-JUR. And TRE-JUR Face Powder — as delightfully fine and perfect a powder as money can buy—is priced at 50¢.

Your own shade of powder and rouge is sold at toilet counters everywhere—or by mail from us. Refills always available.

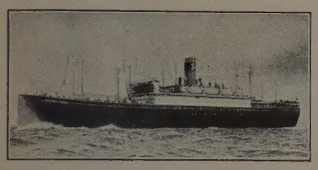
House of Tre-Jur, Inc., 19 W. 18th St., N.Y.
Paris Address—22 Rue La Lande

TRE-JUR

FACE POWDERS AND COMPACTS

© 1926 H. of T. Inc.

"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"



$1250 and up Round the World on a President Liner like this

Go Round the World. Visit 22 ports in 14 countries. Stopover where you like for two weeks or longer. Enjoy 110 days of delightful adventure. Luxurious accommodations aboard a magnificent President Liner at $1250 to $3500 per capita for the complete world circuit. A world-famous cuisine.

A sailing every Saturday from San Francisco (every two weeks from Boston and New York). Information from any ticket or tourist agent or

604 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Robert Dollar Building, San Francisco

Dollar Steamship Line

MARK
STRAND
Broadway at 47th Street
A National Institution
Direction - - - - - Joseph L. Plunkett

Photo Presentation of Finest Features

FAMOUS MARK STRAND BALLET CORPS
Mark Strand Symphony Orchestra
Carl Edouarde, Conductor

WHAT
your handwriting reveals.
Free booklet on request.
Xavier de Nice, Graphologist,
Box 200, Grand Central Terminal, New York

MILLER THEATRICAL COSTUMIER
236 So. 11TH ST. PHILA., PA.
COSTUMES-WIGS ETC. TO HIRE FOR ANY PLAY-CANTATA-OPERA-TABLEAUX ETC.
HISTORICALLY CORRECT
CATALOGUE & ESTIMATE FURNISHED.

The Perry-Mansfield Summer School
STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLO.
Home of the Portia Mansfield Dancers
NOW TOURING THE WEST COAST
Professional and Normal Courses in: Dancing, Dramatics, Stage Production, Sculpture. Instruction in Horseback Riding, Swimming, Tennis. Separate Junior Camp.
Booklet, 1140 Grant St., Denver, Colo.

Large List New Vaudeville, Acts, Stage Monologs, **PLAYS** New Minstrel Choruses and Novelty Songs, Blackface After-pieces and Crossfire, Musical Comedies and Revues, Musical Readings, Novelty Entertainments, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make-up Goods. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.
T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 70 Chicago

Maybelline
DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN, obtainable in solid form or waterproof liquid. *75c at your dealer's* or direct postpaid.
MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

Liquid Form

Solid Form

THE PLAY GUIDE

Suggestions Worth While
Where to Go — What to Wear

WE are a person, as our friends have frequently called to our attention snubbingly, who is not equally at home in the jungle and the parlor, metaphorically speaking. We much prefer the civilized delights, tried and true, of private baths and French cooking to whatever adventure and mystery the great open spaces, where nature runs wild and bugs crawl and the sun beats down, may hold.

We don't mean to decry nature. But if you can combine it with the somethings of civilization, it does add a touch. (Stop us if this bores you.) And we are rather sure that we shall strike a responsive chord in the breasts of many others who feel the same as we do.

Else why the age-long popularity of the resorts in the Swiss and Italian Alps? And now other moving fingers write and America is establishing her own resorts, here and there, of a similar kind, for those who like to take their nature and civilization cocktail nearer home.

The latest of such places is the Thayer Hotel, which has just been built on the United States Military Reservation at West Point . . government land though privately owned . . and which takes its name from Sylvanus Thayer, the first Commander General that West Point had.

Situated on the beautiful Storm King Highway, beyond the new Bear Mountain Bridge, this lovely new hotel, with its two hundred and twenty-five rooms, rises aloft in the heart of the gorgeous surrounding scenery like a medieval castle. It will be run on both the European and the American plan, and there are grills and outdoor dancing on the terraces and all that the heart can desire in the way of smart and up-to-date hotel accommodation.

We were motored out the other day to see *The Thayer* and were frightfully impressed. Just our idea of the proper way to shake up the ingredients of life and beauty-giving fresh air, of scenery, and sports, and civilized comforts!

THIS may interest you. A pretty girl in our party wore a two-piece sports frock underneath her motor coat which elicited much admiration from both men and women. How it was made we don't need to go into . . that's not our province anyway, . . but what it was made of we can pause to tell you. . . The fabric was most unusual, a kind of super-jersey weave, so soft and uncrushable, and with a glint to it as if a metallic thread (which it wasn't) were woven through. It was a Scotch fabric, the lady said, and responded to the name of *Cud'l-doon*, deriving it from the unusual "cuddly" softness of its texture.

Inspired by the chic of the material, we looked it up when we got back to town, and found that it came in the most delightful range of brilliant pastel colorings . . "Peppermint Green," "Wild Rose," "Yellow Jasmine," "Saxon Blue." Sport suits of *Cud'l-doon,* will be worn from now on by those who know, and a little later it will appear in the suits on the smart bathing beaches.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

WHEN YOU VISIT ENGLAND

THE Gordon Hotels of England have inaugurated a novel "hospitality" service for the benefit of American tourists to that country which will appeal especially to those who have never visited England before and to ladies traveling alone. A Gordon Hotels' officer now meets all the large liners on their arrival in England and relieves prospective guests of all the little troubles and difficulties which may beset a stranger in a strange land. The service is entirely free of charge, as is the radio service on the ship for the purpose of announcing your arrival.

Lucile Staff INC.
Announce
A SALE
of their first
Spring Collection
Gowns *at* $50 — $75 *and* $100
Formerly up to $250
New Summer Collection
Ready May Third
22 East 56th Street New York

Play Manuscripts Wanted

Plays that can be produced by amateurs, easy to stage and act, with simple costumes. They can be in one, two or three acts—farces, comedies, dramas. Manuscripts will be given prompt reading. Those acceptable will be paid for in cash—payment on acceptance, not upon publication

Further particulars and catalogue on request

The Penn Publishing Co.
925 Filbert Street Philadelphia

Protection Doubly Assured

BEFORE investing your surplus funds, take the precaution against loss by seeking the expert and conservative advice of your local or investment banker who will gladly serve you.

Eliminate the Loss In Investments

For after all, good investment opportunities predominate. Caution, Care, Investigation will reveal safe and profitable channels for your surplus funds.

The Financial Article that appears in the May issue of *Harper's Magazine* will help solve your investment problems.

Harpers
MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N.Y.

SMALL PLAYS FOR SMALL CASTS
by Elizabeth Hall Yates
Seven unusually clever plays of special interest to Drama League members and for Little Theatre production $1.50
The Penn Publishing Co.
Philadelphia

Paris Boston
LABLACHE
IT STICKS
FACE POWDER
Known and loved by four generations
ON SALE EVERYWHERE
Write for free sample of face powder and Booklet illustrating new LABLACHE Creations
BEN LEVY CO., Dept. 52 125 Kingston St., Boston, U.S.A.

B. Altman & Co.

LUGGAGE

of Quality

The fair prices which apply to all Altman luggage are evidenced in a suit case of tan pig-grain cowhide.

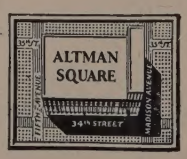
It is lined with moire, has rounded corners, and is fitted with tray. 24-inch, 26-inch or 28-inch size **$40.00**

Circular hat box to match. Size, 18 x 9 inches . . . **$28.00**

A man's week-end case of tan pigskin-grain cowhide has a removable case in the cover for shirts, collars and ties. It has rounded corners, also, and is plaid lined. Size, 28 inches **$60.00**

FIRST FLOOR

FIFTH AVENUE
THIRTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK



MADISON AVENUE
THIRTY-FIFTH STREET
NEW YORK

YOU think it's been a perfectly terrible season—the most awful plays. We quite agree. You've had to sit through tiresome performances and the evenings you hoped would be so jolly, proved dull, boring and vapid. Blame it on the playwrights. The managers can't always find what they want. Take our case. It's difficult to procure pictures of the stage and its people that are at once exclusive, beautiful and of interest. Yet see the feast spread before you this month. THEATRE MAGAZINE is constantly on the watch for good articles and illustrative material. We reflect the theatre, its audiences, its first nights, its life back of the curtain, its glamour, its illusion. The June number will be of special interest to you, because it tells of theatre life where possibly you are going—Paris, Rome and London.

A CONTRIBUTOR in the next issue writes delightfully and amusingly about the night side of Paris—the theatres of the Boulevards, the gay music halls. He takes you into the famous Folies-Bergère and describes entertainingly what sort of spectacle is given there and the curious people that make up each night's audience. Then he takes you up to Montmartre where the red wings of the world-celebrated Moulin Rouge turning lazily give a vivid bit of color to drab Place Blanche—a detailed and interesting account of how the French capital sets out to amuse the stranger within her gates. Do not miss this feature.

FROM Paris we skip over the choppy channel to foggy London and see what sort of plays the English are laughing at. St. John Ervine, the brilliant critic, who represents THEATRE MAGAZINE in the British metropolis, contributes to our next number a caustic review of the latest London offerings. Daring plays he considers them. Almost as bad as those we get here. One of them was written by a peer. Read what he has to say about two English plays that will shortly be seen here—*Scotch Mist* and *Wet Paint.*

THE New York theatre managers have such a hard job nowadays looking for plays which will please the fickle public that there are times when, completely fed up, they seek innocent recreation. Our artist, Archie Gunn, has caught them in this sportive mood when, having thrown off the cares of producing, each amuses himself in the way he likes best. For example, he shows Sam Harris hurrying away to a golf game and A. H. Woods squatting on his favorite piece of furniture. We catch a glimpse of doughty Bill Brady ever spoiling for a scrap and A. L. Erlanger who prides himself on his resemblance to Napoleon. All the producers on two cleverly sketched pages. It will amuse you to identify them. A highly diverting feature.

DID you ever pause during a moment in the play and hastily glance at your neighbor or the rest of the audience? Such odd-looking people! Some intelligent, alert, avidly interested in the performance—others listless, overfed, yawning and apparently saturated with ennui—some who have forgotten that there are others in the theatre besides themselves, talking loud or coughing needlessly, drowning the actors' lines. And then the morons who think that every kiss on the stage is a signal to titter and every serious moment an occasion to laugh. With keen observation Lillian Barrett, author and playwright, has recorded exactly how certain audiences react to certain plays and why. Brilliant satire and much sophistication give unusual distinction to this article which rails at audiences and playwrights alike. A feature that will greatly interest you.

YOU have, of course, heard of the Bricklayers' Union. Did you know there was a Playwrights' Union? In the June issue Don C. Seitz, former business manager of the New York *World,* and affectionately known as "the man who throws a brick well," pokes good-natured fun at this latest development of the Playwrights versus Producers row. A snappy, amusing article that you will enjoy reading.

WHO among you, after sitting through a performance of grand opera at the Metropolitan has not wished that there might be a smaller, more intimate temple of music, less sumptuousness and extravagance, where the smaller works could be done simply, intimately—the fulfillment of a dream. This is just what is happening in a quaint little theatre in the Greenwich Village. One American woman has organized a group called the Opera Players. Read about it in the June issue and her subsequent reward. A tremendously interesting story in view of the fact that such an attempt at presenting Opera has never before been made.

A PLAY has come to Broadway that has delighted the most sophisticated. Marc Connelly, the wise cracker, striking out on his own as a playwright, surprised Broadway with *The Wisdom Tooth,* a delightful fantasy. In the next issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE this charmingly wistful tale of the clerk who just didn't have courage enough to speak his mind will be given in condensed form. Something to look forward to.

OUR DEPARTMENTS

NO branch of the theatre is neglected by this publication. The Opera, the Dance, the Community Theatre, Fashion, all receive attention in the various departments of THEATRE MAGAZINE.

MUSIC: All the important operas and concerts are reviewed with news of the great figures in the musical world.

FASHIONS: The latest modes worn by stars of stage and screen. Beautiful pictures, illustrating the most enchanting of garments for Summer wear.

Contents for

MAY, 1926

SPECIAL ARTICLES

The First Night "Fake" 9
by GILBERT GABRIEL

Whitewashing Sadie Thompson 10
by H. E. REDDING

Is O'Neill's Power in Decline? 12
by ST. JOHN ERVINE

Mussolini Centralizes Theatrical Italy . 20
by BERTA CUTTI

A Wise Cracker Learns to Weep . . . 22
by GEORGE JESSEL

Songs That Made Them Famous . . . 24
by JAMES J. GELLER

A Satirist Turns to Fantasy 30
by B. F. WILSON

The Guild Movie Is Here 32
by JOHN LARKIN, JR.

A Child's Memory of the Boston Theatre . 37
By A. F. NORCROSS

Broadway Laughs 38
By EDWARD E. KIDDER

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Editor's Uneasy Chair 7
Love 'Em and Leave 'Em (Condensation) 26

ART FEATURES

Cover Design in Colors: Martha Bryan-Allen

REVIEWS

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play 15
Music 34

PLAYS PICTURED

Bunk of 1926 14
The Right Age to Marry 17
By the Way 19
Love 'Em and Leave 'Em 27
The Wisdom Tooth 31

FULL PAGE PORTRAITS

Lenore Ulric 5
Gilbert Miller 6
Maria Theresa 8
Bertha Kalich 13
George Jessel 23

DEPARTMENTS

The Amateur Stage 39
Fashions 42
The Vanity Box 60

Vol. XLIII Whole No. 302

Subscribers are informed that no change of address can be made in less than a month. Address all communications to Theatre Magazine, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*

Copyright 1926 by
THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY

Louis Meyer—Paul Meyer, *Publishers*

Published monthly by Theatre Magazine Co. Executive Publishing and Editorial Offices, 2 West 45th Street, New York City. Louis Meyer, President and Treasurer; Paul Meyer, Vice-President; Henry Stern, Secretary; Arthur Hornblow, Editor; F. E. Allardt, Director of Circulation. Single copies, thirty-five cents. Four dollars by the year. Foreign countries add fifty cents for mail; Canada add fifty cents. Title *Theatre Magazine,* registered U. S. Patent Office.

Chrysler "70" Sedan, $1695
f. o. b. Detroit

PERSONAL · TASTE · AND · CHARM · ARE EXPRESSED · IN · THE · PERSONAL · CAR · · ·

The woman who drives a Chrysler "70" instinctively knows herself becomingly equipped.

For the *fit* of her car—its suitability to her personal needs and its adaptability to her temperament—is quite as important as the perfection of her personal apparel.

And unless her car be worn with the same ease, the same careless grace, it is as irritating as a disappointing hat.

In its ability to suit the needs of the discriminating woman rests much of the popularity which the Chrysler "70" enjoys among members of the Junior League, the Garden Club, the Needlecraft Guild of America—and discerning women wheresoever.

There is, first of all, a series of exquisite silhouettes and a variety of the newer colorings which are both distinctively smart and distinctively Chrysler.

A woman handles her Chrysler, also, with the unconscious poise which attaches to a gown by Paquin or a frock by Lanvin.

She is conscious, too, of a fine response to her wishes—flashing acceleration, a wealth of power for speed or pull, amazing flexibility—and the comforting safety assurance of Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes.

And because she is a woman, she doubly senses the luxury of joltless motion provided by the Chrysler designed springs, balloon tires and Watson Stabilators.

The Chrysler "70" is made mechanically superfine not alone to enthuse the motor-wise man, but more particularly to relieve those who know nothing of machinery from all mechanical drudgery.

Ask the women you most admire how they like their Chrysler "70." And become acquainted by personal experience with the Chrysler "70." You will find the nearest dealer eager to demonstrate both its unusual ability and its charm.

Chrysler "58", "70" and Imperial "80" models priced from $845 to $3695 f. o. b. Detroit. Nineteen body styles

CHRYSLER

"70"

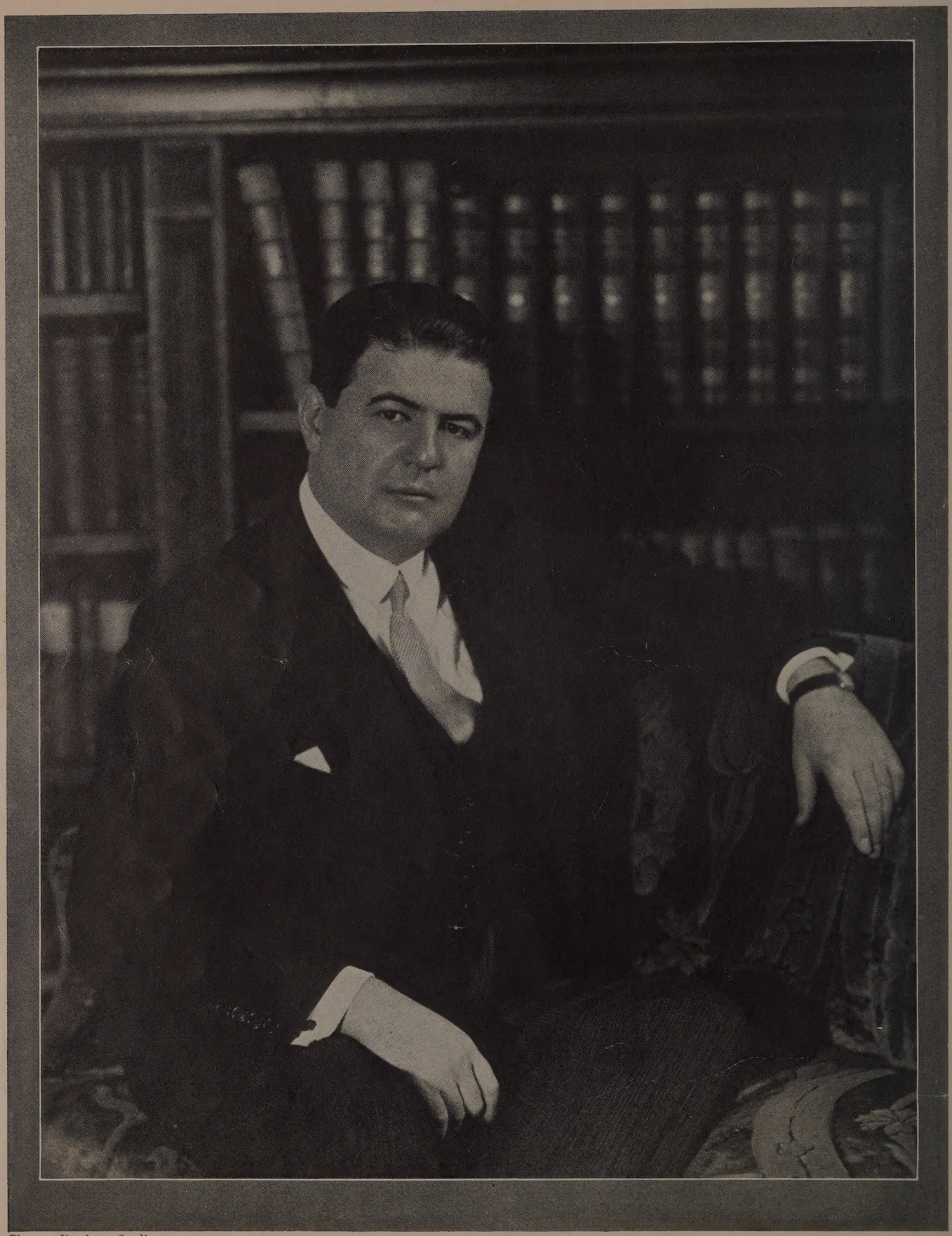
THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIII. No. 302 MAY, 1926

Florence Vandamm Studio

LENORE ULRIC

As the dusky wanton in "Lulu Belle" at the Belasco Theatre



Florence Vandamm Studio

THE PRODUCERS. NO. 7: MR. GILBERT MILLER

It was the musical version of "Monsieur Beaucaire" which started Gilbert Miller on the road to management. He first produced that operetta in London during the season 1917—18 and brought it to New York the following year. It introduced the son of Henry Miller to Broadway as a producer of rare taste and business acumen. His time spent half in England, half in New York, Mr. Miller controls in London the St. James' Theatre, where this season he presented "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and "The Firebrand." In New York he has presented "The Czarina," "Casanova," "The Swan," "The Best People," "Grounds for Divorce," "Antonia," "Zander the Great," "The Tale of the Wolf," "Naughty Cinderella," "Easy Virtue," etc., etc.

Vol. XLIII. No. 302

THEATRE MAGAZINE

May, 1926

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, *Editor-in-Chief*

Editorial Board: Gilbert Seldes, Ben Kaye, Lawton Mackall, Gordon Whyte, Burr Cook

The Play Scavengers Still Ply Their Dirty Trade

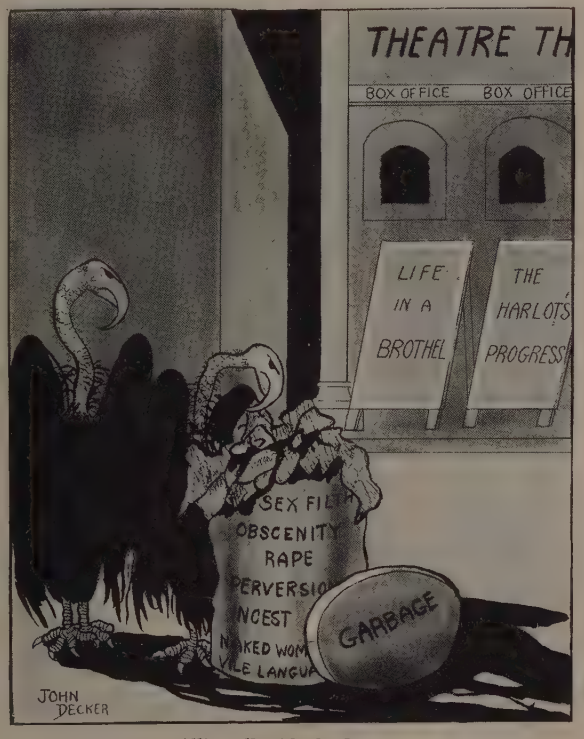
THE managerial vultures are still with us, their filthy beaks exploring the theatrical garbage in their search for offal that may prove lucrative box-office bait. The dirty-play situation, instead of getting better, is growing steadily worse. Encouraged by the inaction, and apparent indifference, of the local authorities, the playwrights are becoming more daring, the producers more unscrupulous—each new hectic offering more offensive than its predecessor and a sinister whisper along the Rialto that there is still worse to come.

This state of affairs cannot continue. The license of the New York stage is fast becoming a national scandal. Plays forbidden in London, Boston, Los Angeles continue to be acted here with impunity. Everyone agrees that something must be done, but no one yet has suggested any practical way to check the evil. The so-called play jury was a farce. The daily press, which should be the first to denounce stage indecency, seems but lukewarm in its condemnation. If the reviewers call attention to the filth at all, it is usually to jest about it, or so advertise it that the offending play profits by the publicity.

A more helpful attitude is that of the Church, now thoroughly aroused to a condition which threatens to undermine not only public morals but the very foundations of society. For some months the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been holding private meetings in Washington to consider what action can be taken. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has also felt the urge to bestir itself in the matter. At a dinner recently given by the Council's Committee on Drama some of the most influential people of the stage were present, among them being Frank Gillmore, executive secretary of Actors' Equity; Winthrop Ames, David Warfield, Ernest Truex, John Drew, Augustin Duncan, Wilton Lackaye, W. A. Brady, Helen McKellar, Otis Skinner, J. Hartley Manners, Roi Cooper Megrue, Channing Pollock, Will H. Hays, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, John Golden and Otto Kahn. The Rev. George Reid Andrews, who presided, after explaining the purpose of the dinner, said:

"The Federal Council has been importuned many times to do something about the dramatic situation. We have been reminded that we concern ourselves with prohibition, steel strikes, race, industrial and international relations, while we seemingly do nothing about a matter more directly related to the morals of our people, especially our young people, than any one thing in America.

"There are three lines of action open to us, it seems to me: First, do nothing—the hands-off policy. This is unthinkable; a subject of such vital concern to so many people cannot be foreign to the Church. Second, line up on some legal censorship bill and work for effective legislation. Personally I believe that the less legislating we do in regard to art, education and religion the better for civilization when viewed in true perspective. Such a course is not constructive and brings its own nemesis. Finally, we can throw the weight of our influence on the side of those persons and groups, especially those inside the theatre working for better things."



All's well with the Drama!

THE remedy outlined by Dr. Andrews is somewhat vague. It may mean something; more probably it means nothing. Who are the persons working for reform on the inside and how are they going about it to bring results? Nor has he spoken of trashy movies and dirt magazines. Many youths and girls are being ruined by vicious pictures. How restraint is to be put on those producers who defy public opinion is not easy to determine. Who has authority to close up an offensive play—the police or the Commissioner of Licenses? At present there is a somewhat confusing clash of authority. Who is competent to say where decency ends and indecency begins? City officials are naturally inclined to a policy of leniency and are slow to act unless some citizen make complaint.

Two remedies suggest themselves. One is that a committee of citizens—for example the committee formed by the Federal Council—be made permanent. That the members of the committee make it their business to see all plays and make complaint to the authorities as an official body when such action becomes necessary. The other is that the committee undertake a campaign of education among the big newspaper owners and awaken them to a sense of their moral responsibility as moulders of public opinion in this matter of obscene stage exhibitions. "All the News That's Fit to Print" sounds well on the editorial escutcheon. What about "Only the Plays That Are Fit to See?"

Carlo Leonetti

SMILING ARTEMIS

Maria Theresa, one of the most gifted of the Isadora Duncan pupils and an ardent disciple of the Greek classic dance, revealed at her recent recital a plasticity of movement and poetic interpretation in keeping with the Hellenic ideal of beauty

The "First-Night" Fake

Theatregoers Flock to a Play's Première Performance Merely to Be Considered "Smart"

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

TEN THOUSAND times you have heard it. The actor who muffs his lines on the opening night is one of those who say it most loudly and bitterly. Critics ought not be permitted to attend the *première* of any play. They ought to be kept away until it has been baked into good order for a week in a New York playhouse. The first-night performance is always the worst. That is almost an axiom. And, like all axioms, only half true.

I have gone back to any number of plays after they have been acting for two weeks, two months, and found their performances very different. But never, actually never better.

I can remember one clever little comedy which brilliant acting turned into a tremendous hit of last season. Brilliant acting the first night, I mean. Quiet, sufficient, absolutely right acting, exquisitely balanced, as deft a piece of ensemble as any art theatre could dream of in its artiest moments. A month later I revisited it. The heroine ranted and gobbled. The male juvenile, having evidently hit upon an accidental gesture which some mid-week matinée audience considered funny, spent his every appearance on scratching his pants-seat. The old gentleman, lying back in an invalid chair, dozed, yes, really dozed . . . and had to be jogged before he would take up his cue. Had they acted like this on the first night, they would have got what they deserved.

There is a magnificent play on just now which has in it the part of, let us say, a young churchman. (There is no use naming the play only in order to damn the actor.) This part was played with singular grace on the opening night. The young person who played it is an expert in plasticity. When it came to his death scene, he died almost as Pavlowa's swan would. It was beautiful. And I wondered how, with the exaggerations which continued performances are sure to stress, he would be playing it ten weeks hence. Of course, I did not wonder aloud. But I have been asking those who saw the same play—and the same young actor in it—only a few days ago. They giggled. He was so silly, they said . . . and demanded if I had not giggled too. Especially since I had seen him on that most trying of times, the opening night.

ACTORS will tell you that the first performance never compares with the second. The horror of all productions which open on a Monday is Tuesday night. The high tension of the experimental evening has evaporated. The reviews have told the worst. There is already an inkling of how soon the closing notice will be posted. Everybody is in the dumps. That is why so many actors delight to play in those stock companies which make a practice of Tuesday matinées: because this most nerve-racking second performance can be thrashed out in an almost empty house.

A famous fiction, the "first night" is. Heaven and the box-office know why we all foster it. Of course the big, pompous revues find it a profitable affair to charge double for the opening evening's tickets. Sometimes they will print these tickets on near-vellum or imitation birch bark. That is a splendid touch and raises the price three times. It gives you a beautiful mental picture of all the *élite* who will be there in flashing tiaras and shirt fronts. It arouses the imagining of a lobby which rings with epigrams, is scattered with pearls of wisdom. It forecasts an evening where all the men are wits and all the women famous.

Why is a *première*? People do flock to first nights and pay all kinds of fancy prices for the privilege. Why? Because it's considered "smart" to be seen at a Broadway opening. You simply don't belong unless your name is included "among those present." Actually, the first-night performance is often the worst. But who cares? No one goes to see the play. Who was there? Why, everybody, my dear. The critics, of course. You should have seen Mr. Bromo Seltzer sailing down the aisle? He's so bright, isn't he? I saw John Drew and the Barrymores, Nazimova and Gloria Swanson. Mr. Man About Town was there and his wife—frightfully over dressed—and a lot of others—the Lady Who Made the Costumes and the Gentleman Who Furnished the Shoes. A famous fiction—the first night—a lobby ringing with epigrams and scattered with pearls of wisdom. An evening where all the men are wits and the women famous.

Far be it from me to foul my nightly nest. I presume I get as much pleasure out of doing the same thing every evening, sitting with the same quietude and decorum through successive three-hour stretches, seeing the same great frozen faces, as any normal lover of both the arts and humanity can. I have the average bread-and-butter gratitude for a regular white-collar job. But first nights, as first nights, are simply a genial fake.

A good part of the audience at a first night is made up of fond papas or sisters or what-nots of the aspiring young lady who is making her first appearance on the stage in the important rôle of Suzette, the French maid, with three words to say to Jeems, the English butler. Jeems, too, has a well-planted phalanx of contracted admirers. So have all the other members of the cast. Even the author has been known to have a well-wisher or two present at the *première*. In short, no audience can ever be as determinedly enthusiastic, gracious and uncritical as the first-night one.

I can remember sitting next a jolly old gentleman who pounded his palms in utter rhapsody over the great boudoir scene in some typical example of French farce. It later transpired that the gentleman was delighted over the looks of a *chaise longue* loaned by his establishment, with a pair of opening-night tickets thrown into the bargain. But how was the leading lady to know that? How was the little Billy Bounce of a comedian, as he twittered on the edge of the furniture, to guess that the salutation was meant not for his performance but for that inanimate object upon which his performance was based? Nothing could have been more encouraging.

First-night audiences are composed to a solid extent of the lady who made the costumes, the gentleman who furnishes the shoes, the innumerable and no doubt excellent contributors of all the so-forths which dress, distinguish and publicize each new theatrical venture. Granting even for the sake of argument that these worthy burghers are in a mood to be anything but certain that the play will run for three years and heap glory and profit on themselves by means of programmatic acknowledgement, there would still be left that hypercritical contingent which is composed of friends of the backer. These can always be relied upon to uphold the occasion, right or wrong, and to fill all interstices with a fine, oozing sense of jubilation. They serve a noble purpose. They give the backer one happy evening in his life. Of course the next morning, when they arrive at his office to repeat their festal formulas, a large number of them also happen to remember that they have bills for this or that item of production in their pockets.

HOWEVER, all this description is pointless if it does not convince you that a first night is almost the easiest of all nights to play. It has always the benefit of the thousand-and-one excuses and allowances of an opening performance. One condones but never condemns the mishaps of a first night. If they happened on the third or fourth night, instead, they would be mistakes and not mishaps. No body of men is so sensitive to the duty of forgiving a first night its slip-ups as those everlasting

(*Continued on page* 62)

Whitewashing Sadie Thompson

An Outcry from the Natives After the Advent of "The Original New York Cast"

By H. E. REDDING

THE scene is Manhattan's first night. A verdant audience, this time it is grass and trees, acclaims the play whose principals are Mr. Dutcheher and Mr. Scalpemclean. Hendrick's thrifty follower induces the old Indian chief to trade the farm for a string of beads and a bottle of rum. As the act draws to a close, the hoot of the first critic derides a time-worn plot, only this time the critic is an owl.

From this original New York cast and its play sprang America's capital of the drama. Manhattan became New York and New York became Broadway. The old chief imbibed his rum, took his beads and his tribe westward and discovered more farms. The Dutch followed with more beads and rum, so we have America. Perhaps it is the old chief's revenge that the men who left Broadway behind them should be cursed with a desire for its pleasures. It may be that drama can never become reality. Whatever the motive behind it, Broadway will not leave Manhattan. Neither will men abandon places where beads are cheap and trading is good to return to that calcium Paradise of which they dream.

Still, even the lowliest inhabitant of Czecho-Slovakia knows that America is the land where dreams come true. The fairy godmother to those who pine for Broadway is the bill-board which foretells the coming of a play. Each new Winter finds it presenting a picture of plump ladies, all of a kind as to angles and veils and smiles, whose lower extremities wave in lithographic unison above the scarlet letters, "The Original New York Cast — Six Months in Chicago—One Year in Budapest—Intact from Broadway." An eager crowd fills the theatre, only to discover that the first of the "Intacts" were lost in Chicago's daily murders and the remainder evidently missed the boat from Budapest. This, then, is the curse of the wanderers. Disillusionment follows each new poster. Still in the minds of the audience there is always a hope that some day in the theatrical world where they dwell East and West will meet. "The Original New York Cast" is always good bait, save to the people to whom other men's hope is their fear. They are the fish who rose to the proclamation, "See the Tony Sarg Marionettes—the Original New York Cast — Fifty Wooden-headed Actors and Actresses."

THOSE red letters were not intentionally sarcastic. They were trying to tell us that Diana, in the form of the ladies of the Alpha and Omega Club, were stalking us, and that the tickets we bought from them would admit us to a performance of *Don Quixote* as flopped by the strings which guided the children of Tony Sarg's whittling knife. Until someone starts an "Old Whittler's Contest," we presume that Tony Sarg's achievements will qualify as a form of block and tackle suitable for Alpha and Omega clubs to use in hoisting the common folk to the plane of dramatic art which is so misunderstood that its devotees may be crowded into very small theatres. The Marionettes were to be out as hoister, and we certainly needed one.

WE live on the frontier of American drama as portrayed behind the footlights. Those hardy pioneers who come to bring the play to us take the Century Limited to Chicago. Then they change trains frequently until they find one which will halt before all the water tanks. When the trains stop one may see a group of men clustered about something which has a sign "Depot" tacked upon it. All these men wear blue Chambray shirts and have bandana handkerchiefs tied about their necks. Their blue overalls are tucked into boots which crawl aimlessly toward their knees. The brim of each straw hat bears evidence of places where the cows have tried to munch a dinner. A woman wearing a sunbonnet lifts her skirts to cross the dusty road. Then men remove the whisps of hay from their mouths, say "By Gosh" and spit. This then is that barren wilderness known in dramatic parlance as "the sticks."

We who inhabit this region are the sweet uses of adversity to which are consigned the scraps from the rainbows which end on Broadway. Our opera house is the rocky road which all who wear the grease paint must tread either toward or away from an incandescent place in the sky.

We achieved our first real theatre about thirty years ago. It was a hall over Johnny Black's saloon and had real footlights, which shed their first gleam on *Hamlet* as produced by a tribe of nomadic players who styled themselves the "Original New York Cast." The truth of the assertion may yet be proven, for, although they had no dress-suit in which to clothe Hamlet, they dispensed with the ghost. The unseen spook howled off-stage, the players talked about the ghost, and a few gentlemen who came up-stairs to see the show claimed they saw the ghost. To the remainder of the audience the explanations of the cast concerning the absence of the ghost sufficed. That "New York Cast" may not have been original, but it at least had ingenuity.

For thirty years we have waited with our faces to the East for that cast which should come "intact from Broadway." We built the opera house in which to glorify it. With each new poster hope springs eternal, and after each new idol shows its feet of clay we again take the position of the man to whom all things came.

While we were waiting, the Alpha and Omega Club, of which my good friend Kennicott's wife is president, decided to start a movement. Movements are like great men, in that there is always a woman behind them. How far behind is a matter of taste. I am not here to cast scorn upon woman. I believe that the day will come when our Chamber of Commerce will point with pride to the outside of our own Little Theatre and canonize the women whose energy, not to mention patience, lifted the drama of the sticks above the level of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

In fact, lest I be accused of disloyalty to the women, I am going to pause here to pin a medal on the good little lady who, out of the courage, not the humility, of her convictions, purified *Rain*. Before I start, though, I want it understood that I am not going to emulate George Bernard Shaw in this matter. When he pinned his medal on Joan of Arc, he explained in great detail who she was, and why, when, where and how he pinned it. I am going to leave something to the imagination of my audience.

Rain came to us on New Year's Eve. The next morning there came to our aching heads the realization that we had seen a great play interpreted by a greater actress. No, Jeanne did not venture quite this far into the frontier. Hilda Vaughn came to us as Sadie Thompson and lived her lines so that we could not wish for anything nearer perfection. She made us arise to throw our missionary envelopes into the waste-basket, write a check to the Salvation Army and rush to the Public Library to read the play that we might recall the vision. With a copy of Burns Mantle's Best Plays, we sought a quiet corner and turned on the light.

THE good little lady has blazed a trail for us. My eyes did not deceive me, it was there every time I looked. She had covered each of Sadie's swear words with a thin veil of pencil marks. They were not erased, just disguised enough that they stood out like a wart on one's nose. I could neither skip, miss nor forget one of them. Mild black print assumed the glare of Chinatown to a tourist bus. Any child who picked up the book might acquire a complete vocabulary of oaths by jumping from one thinly clad word to the next. This crusader was thorough. After she had washed the sin from Sadie's mouth, she taught her a sanitary type of speech. Do you remember when Herbert Hoover made you flavor your coffee with corn syrup? Well, Sadie used the substitutes. The pure mind of this torch-bearer had printed "My stars" and "My goodness" into Sadie's veiled cries to the deity. What a small amount of pencil is required to make a bed-time story out of almost anything! The pencil of faith had not been able to move "the mountains of Nebraska," but it had enveloped them in a fog of gray clouds.

There are people who still regard the Alpha and Omega Club with an evil eye, although that marionette show has been

(*Continued on page* 56)

BETWEEN THE ACTS IN THE LOBBY OF THE THEATRE GUILD

To stimulate intellectual thought, cigarettes are distributed gratis during intermissions

MRS. HIGHBROW: "What do you think of it?"
MR. WISECRACK: "Can't make it out."
MISS CHARLESTON: "It's a symbol."
TIRED BUSINESS MAN: "Well, whatever it is—it ain't."

(*Sketch by Amero*)

Is O'Neill's Power in Decline?

Noted English Critic Thinks Recent Plays Show a Falling Off in Dramatist's Force

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

ALL God's Chillun Got Wings—that is the title of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's play on the theme of miscegenation, and I propose to use it, not as the title of a criticism of that particular play, but as the title of a review of his work in its latest development. *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, indeed, but when I had finished reading the new volume* of Mr. O'Neill's plays, I felt myself wondering whether Mr. O'Neill was not busily engaged in clipping them.

THE book contains three plays, the one whose title I have just quoted, *Desire Under the Elms,* which the censor lately forbade Mr. Basil Dean to produce in England, and *Welded.* The latter is one of the few plays in which Mr. O'Neill steps out of the company of elementary people into that of people who are sophisticated. It is a poor, commonplace piece, but better than its predecessor in this vein, *The First Man,* and supports the belief I have several times expressed that Mr. O'Neill is ill at ease with people who do not live in fo'c'sles and tenement houses. I imagine that educated people, especially those of them with cultured pretensions, profoundly bore him, and so he is disabled from humanizing them when he puts them into a play. There are four characters in *Welded,* but only one of them, the prostitute, seems to be alive. The others are overwrought intellectuals from Washington Square who twiddle their souls about. Mr. O'Neill can put on the stage people who have too much vitality, but he cannot put on it people who have not got enough. No one who compares *The Hairy Ape* and the first three acts of *Anna Christie* with *The First Man* and *Welded* can fail to detect where Mr. O'Neill's hand is firm and where it is fumbling. In reading *Welded,* I find myself not only dubious, but disinterested. I doubt whether such people as Michael and Eleanor Cape and John Darnton exist; but even if they do exist I certainly do not want to know about them. To say that is not to say that I can only interest myself in characters who are personally agreeable to me. Far from it. I should hate to live with nearly all of the people in Tchekhov's plays or in Mr. Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*—a play which all who read this article must not fail to see, even if they have to save up the money to book a seat for it—but I am immensely interested in them. That may be—probably is—because the dramatists themselves are immensely interested in their people. One knows in life certain dislikable, even detestable, persons, who, nevertheless, are interesting to one. It is not necessary to like a man to like being in his company. I have known women who loathed each other, yet somehow seemed always to be together. Mr. O'Neill does not make me feel that he has any interest in his three principals in *Welded.*

The news from Los Angeles, Cal., that the entire cast engaged in presenting Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms* were recently arrested in that city on the charge of performing an indecent play gives special timeliness to this article by Mr. St. John Ervine, in which the well-known English critic reviews Mr. O'Neill's work in its latest development and comments particularly on the drama *Desire Under the Elms,* the performance of which in California has led the local authorities to take judicial action.

It is otherwise with *All God's Chillun Got Wings* and *Desire Under the Elms.* The people in these plays have come to life and compelled him to take passionate interest in them, and that fact makes the plays arresting, even although one feels that they mark a decline in Mr. O'Neill's powers.

He has not fairly faced the problem of miscegenation in the first play. The white girl who marries a negro is a worthless woman: I do not mean that she is worthless because she marries a negro, but that she is worthless in herself. Her sufferings do not impress me because they are the result, not of her sense of ostracism, but of a naturally mean nature. This is no Desdemona married to an Othello. Mr. O'Neill, in restating Shakespeare's theme, should not have forgotten that Shakespeare made both his principals people of worth. The details of the play are not well done. Mr. O'Neill is still experimenting, although he has enough of experience behind him to enable him to decide for good what is the form in which he can best work. I suspect that he has been associating too much with pedants like Mr. Stark Young and Mr. Kenneth MacGowan, gentlemen who have been buried alive in studio theatres. Mr. O'Neill must reacquaint himself with the quick and abandon the dead. He divides his first act into four scenes, the first of which is separated from the fourth by more than fourteen years of time. We see the characters in childhood and youth and young man and womanhood. Some of the characters are importantly introduced in the first act or part, and then ignominiously dismissed from the play without rhyme or reason, as if Mr. O'Neill had forgotten all about them. Others, such as Hattie and her mother, two negresses, do not appear at all until the last act or part. I have rarely read a play in which there seemed less *compulsion* on the dramatist than there is here. Characters should come clamoring to a dramatist, demanding to be put into his play. They should not be dismissed from it until they are ready to go. Their coming and their going must have significance. Mr. O'Neill writes each of the scenes in *All God's Chillun Got Wings* with vigor and vivacity, but he does not dramatically bind them together. I cannot see much, if any, point in his first scene. If it were omitted, would a wound show in the body of the play? That, surely, is the test of any scene in a play, that its removal must leave a scar. I doubt if a drop of blood would be spilt if the first scene were cut out.

THE third play about which there has been so much pother, *Desire Under the Elms,* is the one which gives the most cause to regard Mr. O'Neill with anxiety. I need not tell your readers how deeply I respect this distinguished American dramatist: I think I have read all of his plays except *The Fountain* and another done lately in New York, the name (*The Great God Brown?*—Editor) of which temporarily eludes me. I will not, I trust, be considered to be indifferent to him or his work when I say that I regard *Desire Under the Elms* as a lamentable piece. Mr. Bernard Shaw has described Mr. O'Neill as "a Fantee Shakespeare who peoples his plays with Calibans." But at least they are Calibans, creatures who, despite their elemental and even brutish nature, do sometimes hear sweet sounds and can finally tell the difference between a sot and a seer. Caliban once raised his eyes from the slime to look at Miranda. He might seem to defile beauty by desiring it, but at least he did desire it, and a slimy thing is not to be condemned because it strives to strip away its slime. Mr. O'Neill never forgot to sound a lyrical note in his plays until he wrote *Desire Under the Elms.* His people never quite fell out of the divine image. They had enough of the god in them to remember in the most disgusting depths the sound of the divine voice. But in *Desire*

(*Continued on page* 58)

* *Mr. Ervine refers here to the volume of Eugene O'Neill's plays containing "All God's Chillun Got Wings," "Desire Under the Elms" and "Welded," recently published in London.*

Maurice Goldberg

BERTHA KALICH AS MAGDA

In the title rôle of Sudermann's fine drama of earlier-day German pride, recently revived at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, this sterling actress revealed a matured art and histrionic gifts which all players must possess to be called really great—the spark of genius and the power to thrill

Photos by the Florence Vandamm Studio

The bunk in romance is joyfully lampooned in *Bunk of 1926*, the revue at the Heckscher Theatre. Here is Hazel Shelley, specially imported from England, who is waiting to have her finger caught in an engagement ring. Gene Lockhart, co-author with Percy Waxman of the revue, is the retiring Lothario absorbed in the glistening glassware

Nor does the bunk in Spanish dances escape. "Boots" McKenna and Hazel Shelley are the fiery Latin dancers whose steps are so involved and difficult that they themselves cannot extricate their feet from the mazes of their dances

The particular luminary in *Bunk of 1926* is the pert, animated Ruth Tester. She is the "Props" in the satire on the movies. The music of this particular number has been contributed by Deems Taylor, a youthful composer for whom a bright future is predicted

IT'S THE BUNK

Pep, Youth and Humor in "Bunk of 1926" at the Heckscher Theatre

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Watch the Expression on His Face

TOWARD the close of a singularly arid and disappointing theatrical season—poor plays, dirty plays, inept plays—there came to Broadway a play of more than ordinary importance and interest—the first performance in America of *Juno and the Paycock*, the drama by Sean O'Casey which set Dublin and London by the ears. Presented here at the new Mayfair Theatre, a tiny band-box of a place hardly holding 300 persons, the play was not given a fair chance. The action cramped for space on a liliputian stage, the actors, in the dwarfed setting, all out of focus, and with acoustics that left much to be desired, it is not surprising, under such circumstances, that the piece made an unfavorable impression on some of the first-night critics.

I thought it one of the finest plays given this year. When theatregoers, refusing to be misled, get to know what sort of play it is—a really great play, rich in laughter and rollicking humor, astonishingly true in its types, tender and sincere in its humanity and pathos—the biggest theatre in town will hardly be large enough to accommodate the crowds which will want to see it.

Although written by an Irishman, the play is not flattering to Mr. O'Casey's countrymen. Its characters for the most part are liars, braggarts, drunkards, seducers, traitors, cowards. Himself a man of the people, having first-hand acquaintance with hardship and sorrow, O'Casey, like Chekov, the Russian, and our own O'Neill, writes of the life he knows best, the slums of Dublin with its drunkards, its wastrels, its ne'er-do-wells. Captain Boyle, the "Paycock," a typical Dublin loafer, whose one fear is that he may succeed in finding a job, and "Joxer" Daly, his treacherous, whisky-soaked pal—two of the most amusing characters ever seen on the stage—are merciless, terrific human caricatures. But when you think of the "Paycock," with his empty strutting, his shifty ways, his lies and false vanity, you also think of Juno, the stout-hearted Irish wife and mother. Amid all the squalor of the cheap tenement, the tawdry surroundings, the family bickerings, Juno stands forth, one of the most beautiful characters in drama. Married to a worthless vagabond, compelled to live in a garret and work her fingers to the bone to keep body and soul together, she alone is competent to face each crisis. She sees her children sacrificed, first her son murdered in Ireland's fratricidal struggle and then the ruin of her only daughter. Her heart wrung by sorrow, disappointment and misfortune, facing the black, hopeless future with philosophic resignation, she rises superior to them all—a noble figure of ideal womanhood.

The scene of the play is laid in Dublin in 1922, when the differences of the Free Staters and the Irregulars had brought a distracted Ireland into the throes of civil war. Yet the atmosphere is not one of gloom. There is no visible sign of the fighting. Not a gun is fired, not a soldier seen. Comedy, not tragedy, is the dominant note of the play. While tragedy stalks in the background, it only obtrudes now and then, but when, suddenly, it comes to check the flow of gaiety, the tragic note is struck with a poignancy that is overwhelming. What is there more moving in drama than that compelling scene in Act II, where the funeral of the boy neighbor, "riddled with bullets" in the recent ambush, interrupts the Boyles' party? Raised for a moment from abject poverty by the promise of a false legacy, the Paycock is celebrating his good fortune. The gramophone is grinding out its discordant tunes; the Paycock, in a brand-new suit not yet paid for, is boasting of the things he is going to do with his money; "Joxer" is ranting his "darling songs" in maudlin tones, when suddenly a hush—the hymnal dirge of the passing mourners comes through the open window. The gramophone is stopped, the bereaved mother comes in and denounces the murderous hate that has robbed her of her son, and as all rush out to follow the victim to his grave, Juno's own son, Johnny, is seized by the Irregulars and dragged away to meet a similar fate.

The play was, on the whole, well acted by Augustin Duncan and his associates. I can conceive of the part of the Paycock being better played. As the shifty, jocular, good-for-nothing loafer, afraid of his wife, only daring to assert himself behind her back, rollicking with his pot-house companion, boasting, lying—Mr. Duncan, a big man physically, seemed to me a trifle heavy. He got much of the humor out of the part, but it was a somewhat labored effort. The real treats of the evening were the "Joxer" of Claude Cooper—a masterpiece of make-up and character acting—and the Juno of Louise Randolph. Mr. Cooper's maudlin antics, his mere trick of lifting an eyebrow, kept the audience in a roar. Louise Randolph gave to the part of Juno everything the character called for—dignity, force and sweet womanliness. An unforgettable performance. Barry Macollum was a bit too noisy and wild-eyed in the rôle of the crippled Johnny. Isabel Stuart Hill, on the other hand, was natural and appealing as Mary.

Plays You Ought to See

CRADLE SNATCHERS—Most amusing comedy farce, showing how three wives, annoyed by flirtatious husbands, adopt desperate remedies. Funniest play in town.

DEAREST ENEMY—Melodious and picturesque operetta of the American Revolution. Beautifully sung, staged and acted.

HEDDA GABLER—Splendid, well-balanced production of Ibsen's fine play, with a well-nigh perfect performance by Dudley Digges as Tesman.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK—Remarkable study of Irish life by Sean O'Casey. Produced in America for the first time. Pathos and humor combine to make a fine play.

NO, NO, NANETTE—Excellent entertainment with brisky comedy by Charles Winninger and some remarkable dancing by Louise Groody.

THE JEST—Brilliant revival of Sem Benelli's powerful and colorful drama, with Basil Sydney in the rôle originally played by John Barrymore, and Alphonz Ethier giving a great performance as the ferocious Neri.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Smart and entertaining crook play, with Ina Claire as a girl thief who wins her way in society.

YOUNG WOODLEY—Charming comedy of English school life, with Glenn Hunter as a dreaming schoolboy, and a wonderful performance by Helen Gahagan as the master's wife.

BY what standard is one to judge the value of the many so-called musical comedies that a season in New York brings forth? The librettos of most of them are practically nil. The music, as a rule, confines itself to noise, jazz and dance steps. The only differentiations concern themselves with the individual talents of the specialists among the performers. George MacFarlane, long known as an admirable baritone and a pillar in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, presents himself as an impresario. It is to be hoped that in course of time he may find a libretto worthy of the enterprise he has displayed in launching *Rainbow Rose*. He has had a musical version made of Zelda Sears' comedy which earlier in the season had met an unhappy fate under the title of *A Lucky Break*. This unexciting comedy has been taken by Mr. Walter De Leon, aided by Mr. Harold Levey, composer, and Mr. Owen Murphy, versifier, and together they have sufficiently chiropracticed upon the original slim material to open up gaps for irrelevant specialties. Among the latter the frenzied activities of the chorus girls deserve first mention. To every one of the songs, whether sentimental, descriptive or professedly playful, a dance has been added, and some dozens of nimble ladies in various degrees of undress fall in determinedly and execute all known and many unknown varieties of dance.

The cast as a whole was in its way appealing. Mr. Hansford Wilson is a knock-about comedian who has evidently learned his trade in vaudeville. He always does something amusing when he is on the stage, and what he did had very little to do with the libretto. He even gives a perfect imitation of a monkey. The women are not so talented, though most of them were comely. A word of praise should go to Alexander Clark, a comedian of the older school, who always tries to keep in character, however much he may be tempted to fall over himself in competition with the knock-abouts. There were no issues to speak of. In that regard *Rainbow Rose* as a modern so-called musical comedy ran true to form.

COUNT this reviewer among those who found much to entertain them in Marc Connelly's novel and interesting fantasy, *The Wisdom Tooth,* which is nightly packing the Little Theatre. A daring experiment, the staging of this play by an author whose previous successes have been almost exclusively in the domain of light comedy. That a Broadway wisecracker would one day turn preacher, that the amusement-going public would ever take seriously the flights into the occult of a writer who has long trained them to laugh at his ultramodern cynicisms, was beyond belief. Then lo, the miracle! *The Wisdom Tooth* clicked.

No easy job the development of this imaginative conceit—this play of a humble office clerk, a moral weakling who, despised by his sweetheart, scoffed at by his fellow employées, in mental desperation at his own incompetency and spinelessness, conjures up visions of his own boyhood and brings the dead back to life, so they may aid him to regain his manhood and self-respect. As an incursion from the jocular, practical, every-day office life into the dreamy, ghostly realms of the supernatural, the play has its shortcomings. Its whimsy lacks the delicate subtlety with which a Barrie would have invested such a subject. The colors are laid on with a heavy hand and the device used by the dramatist to bring on his hero's spectral counselors is clumsy, showing feeble powers of invention. It's a mistake, in my opinion, to have the stage lighted up full when the dead personages appear. A more ghostly light would help the illusion. As now done, it is difficult for the spectators to differentiate between the quick and the dead.

But these weaknesses in the play's structure, while robbing it of any claim to special distinction, do not alter the fact that it is an uncommonly interesting piece, not to be missed by theatregoers who enjoy a bit of sentiment thrown in with rich humor and excellent acting. The character of Bemis, the timid, shrinking clerk afraid to call his soul his own, is well drawn. The world is full of such types—men and women misfits—weak, timorous souls, with no will-power or force of character of their own, who go through life, ill equipped for the battle, become engulfed in the fierce struggle for existence, find themselves rebuffed and shoved aside and never realize the reason for their failure. This human appeal no doubt accounts largely for the hold the play has taken on the public.

Thomas Mitchell, a conscientious actor, plays the difficult part of the clerk well. Mary Phillips portrayed the sweetheart with discretion and charm and Master Edwin Philips did a surprisingly good bit as Skeeter, the boy who helps the man regain his lost valor. Kate Mayhew, a veteran, was admirable as the lodging-house keeper.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS proved nothing in his latest play, *Still Waters,* except the fact that even a hitherto accredited expert can turn out an extremely inept piece of work. Presumably Mr. Thomas set out to flagellate the Volstead Law, but he attempted to flagellate so many other things in the course of the evening, that the general effect was like reading across the columns of the newspaper. He had all sorts of threads to his plot, but no main one. The whole play was so devoid of interest that it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Thomas, in spite of his reputation, could get no manager to produce it and had to produce it himself. In a rambling and disjointed sort of way he tries to exploit the career of one Senator Cassius Clayborn, who is fighting for a renomination. He is opposed by all sorts of nefarious politicians, mostly prohibitionists, to expose whom the author is kept busy contriving new plots and counter-plots. It was all very difficult to follow. Even trained politicians in the audience were puzzled to explain it. It gave no opportunities to the actors, not even to the verbose senator, who was what might be charitably called the main guy. The part was bravely struggled with by Thurston Hall, who tried to be as much as possible like Mr. Thomas, who had himself played this part in the original try-out.

MURDER, infidelity and insanity all figure in the play with a homicidal title, *The Right to Kill,* seen at the Garrick. The play is adapted from the Russian of Leo Urvantzov by Herman Bernstein. This kind of thing may be the Russian idea of a pleasant evening's entertainment, but to most normal-minded Americans it will appear as little else than plain, unadulterated lunacy. The characters are amazingly irritating—the types which, in real life, a man would run a mile to escape. There is a rotter who is supported by women and who, when the lovelorn ladies tighten their purse-strings, threatens blackmail; a weakling hanger-on who attaches himself to the blackmailer, knowing there is easy money thereabouts; a married woman who provides her lover with money, a cuckold husband with a spine like a jelly-fish, and a babbling woman with an abnormal taste for murder details.

In some respects the play is good theatre, but it is difficult to say whether, had it been better acted, it would have been a fair success. Anna Zascek played the part of the woman who killed theatrically, emotionally and rather terribly.

SUBURBANITES and their domestic infelicities vitalize the new comedy, *Mama Loves Papa,* by Jack McGowan and Mann Page, seen at the Forrest Theatre. The piece has many of the ear-marks of *Six-Cylinder Love.* June Walker and Ernest Truex have counterparts in Sara Sothern and Lorin Raker. They are the diminutive married pair, with the semicomic domestic squabbles. In their case most of the trouble is caused by a French dancer whose million-dollar legs are insured by the young husband and by a sophisticated friend of the young wife, who goads her to retaliative measures. The reprisals take the form of gay parties in a bachelor's apartment. One of these festive affairs affords an opportunity for three of the leading women characters of the cast to appear in bathing suits for the plunge in the millionaire's pool.

The humor is of the broad, obvious kind, without subtleties of any sort. The maudlin conversation of a couple of inebriates has a large part in the play. In fact, John E. Hazzard is cast as a realtor in a perpetual state of alcoholic confusion. Sara Sothern and Lorin Raker are pleasing and convincing as the young couple in the first throes of wedded woe. John E. Hazzard, with his drolleries and dry humore, is capable of garnering plenty of laughs, even without the asset of particularly funny lines. Robert Emmett Keane is very suave as the rich bachelor who adores all the ladies, and Helen Broderick, who seems to have a corner on the best lines of the play, manages rather successfully to draw a picture of a cynical much-married woman. This new comedy, with the funny paper title, is fair food for an evening's entertainment.

NIRVANA, which enjoyed a record run at the Greenwich Village Theatre of exactly four nights, is the latest product in the drama of lunacy. Nirvana, in Buddhism, means the loss of all personal consciousness by absorption into the divine. In play form it means many things or nothing at all, depending upon the neurasthenic condition of the spectator. If your nerves are steady, it may mean at the worst two or three hours of the fidgets. If nerves are frayed, it may mean immediate commitment to the asylum after the drop of the final curtain. For John Howard Lawson, the author, who also wrote that futuristic classic, *Processional,* had a whole batch of ideas to put over. The fact that they failed to co-ordinate or register in a clear-cut fashion was, of course, to be blamed on the lowbrow audience.

"It went over their heads," producer and author will doubtless chorus. The author foresaw this, and tried to forestall it with a program note which read: "*Nirvana* is a comedy of the uncertainties and aspirations of the thinking man as he confronts the enlarging universe. Of people doing their stuff, if they only knew it, on the dizzy brink of disaster. Yet these people continue to face forces as old as time with the grotesque and humorous half-assurance of the modern mind. It is this mind which the author has desired to probe and consider—a task which he realizes to be so difficult and so ungrateful that the tide of laughter in the last analysis sweeps back upon himself." An observation that proved almost prophetic, for a perplexed audience filed out laughing in baffled fashion.

Befuddled as was everyone else who viewed this weird contraption, I'll hazard a guess that perhaps the author meant to put over the idea that sex is the root of all evil. Or perhaps he meant the jazz age was an accursed one. Or mayhap he visioned a new and mystic religion emerging from chaos. Who knows? Principally the three acts were made up of the puerile ravings of a bunch of neurasthenics. The second act is a roof-garden party, at which the guests are frankly degenerates, pathological types. "Sex! Sex!! Sex!!!" It screams its way through the three acts and dies a shuddering death at the last.

Crane Wilbur, as the ironic scientist, and Juliette Crosby, as the wife with the sadistic mind, interpreted intelligently the two leading rôles. They were supported by a cast which no doubt wondered, with the audience, what it was all about.

Florence Vandamm Studio

SCENE IN "THE RIGHT AGE TO MARRY" AT THE FORTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE

ACT I: The mill owner (*Charles Coburn*), not realizing that his housekeeper (*Mrs. Coburn*) is in love with him, discusses with her his plans for going away

In this modest little Lancashire comedy by H. F. Maltby, an English author, Mr. Charles Coburn gives an excellent portrayal of a small-town mill owner who, having gained prosperity, determines on his forty-fifth birthday to retire from business and seek aristocratic leisure. He being a bachelor, the resultant situations are more or less obvious. Mrs. Coburn plays a faithful and temporarily neglected housekeeper whose loyalty is rewarded in the end. The play did not stay long on Broadway, but those who saw it enjoyed an artistic treat.

AFTER reading two years ago George Dunning Gribble's *The Masque of Venice*, I felt that in this English author a new and really talented playwright had arrived.

To the eye was unfolded a comedy of refreshing originality of outlook, expressed with such a delicate, literary, cynical, ironical and whimsical turn that it lifted it high above the average. It was distinctly subtle. The characters were not ordinary personages and their reactions to a fanciful story were acutely deft, giving warning in advance to any producer that his cast must be chosen with great discrimination and the stage-manager selected of high imagination and poetical perception, with an acute sense of humor.

When *The Masque of Venice* recently saw the footlights for the first time in this country, at the Mansfield, it was soon evident after the curtain rose that the Philistines were upon it. I still enjoyed it, but I fear many were bored and not a few in absolute ignorance of what was going on, and all due to the want of proper selection of players—male and female—and a stage management that suggested a ton of lead.

The hero-author, who prided himself on his resemblance to Byron and went to Venice for adventure, was acted by Arnold Daly. He was vitally efficient in the rôle, if not very characteristic. The latter-day nymph was supremely chaste, as denoted by Selena Royle A modest parson and his gushing wife, making the grand tour and preparing a book of travel, were amusingly presented by Osgood Perkins and Elizabeth Taylor. It was a nicely self-contained English gentleman that Wilfrid Seagram made of Don Pedro, an Iberian exile. Kenneth MacKenna is an actor of refinement and ability, but his characterization of Cazeneuve, the man with a dual personality. was not happy. Nor as the vivacious Miss Weir, the authoress. who always made copy of her friends' emotions as well as her own, Antoinette Perry lacked the comedy spirit needed to bring out the true significance of the part.

If Mr. Pemberton, who produced the comedy, felt it was too long, he should have cut the script. Rushing through it at a mad pace simply confused the whole thing.

THE VIRGIN, seen at the Maxine Elliott, is a strong and interesting drama. Into an isolated village in Northern New Hampshire, whose inhabitants are a rough-hewn and superstitious lot of lumberjacks, comes a fevered evangelist, one Elias Whipple, who preaches a weird doctrine of sexless marriage. This "inspired" fanatic turns out to be crack-brained on the subject of religion, but nevertheless he brings to bear a strange exaltation of spirit that upsets the village. Lee Baker realizes the character stunningly. He has made a spiritual marriage with a young girl, Ruth. She is the Virgin of the story, and as Phyllis Povah plays her, she justifies her acceptance in that character. A French-Canadian lumberman, in a moment of mingled superstition and alcoholic bewilderment, catches sight of her lonely blue-clad figure, by a woodland stream, and falls down on his knees in adoration. He is convinced he has seen a miracle, and this thought is carried by him through the play until a startling climax undeceives him and rends his soul. Louis Bennison plays this part with large variety of expression and masterly execution.

There comes into the lives of the fanatic and his virgin wife a wealthy visitor from the South, ably rendered by Arthur Albertson, who sings in the choir with the wife and falls in love with her. This love, innocent enough at the start, grows to what threatens to become a devastating intensity, and the climax comes when the French-Canadian finds his ideal intimately, though not guiltily, in the arms of the visitor. Then the primitive asserts itself, and he fiercely and violently carries her off to his hovel, where, in the last act, occurs one of those apparently necessary box-office expedients—physical tussles, with much rending of apparel. Ruth faints as she cries out for protection to the Holy Mother. This appeal once more stirs the religious soul of the Canuck, and the girl is saved. The evangelist, who has, before his entry into the village, been the inmate of a sanitarium, is reclaimed by that institution, and is reported to have shot himself before the end of the story. The way is thus cleared for the ultimate marriage of Ruth and her honest lover, while the Canuck is united in marriage to his faithful Mag. It will be seen that there is considerable plot to this play, which in these days of slim fabrics is an asset.

AN entertainment that was deserving of a better title than *Bunk of 1926* was launched at the Heckscher Theatre, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 104th Street, by the Talbot Productions Company. While this is largely experimental, sufficient interest was engendered by a rather clever group of some half-dozen players to encourage the belief that in due course of time the enterprise will blossom and thrive. There were quite a number of clever skits presented and some that were more silly than humorous. But when these talented performers shall have found themselves and when the public shall have found the theatre which has the one advantage of being uncluttered by traffic, there is no reason why another home of the intimate *revue* should not be added to the list. The chief entertainer is Gene Lockhart, who contributed his various talents as director, monologist, composer and interpreter. He has an easy and attractive style. Carol Joyce is charming and sings sweetly, Pauline Blair is a fetching dancer, Ruth Tester is a nimble soubrette and Messrs. Jay Fassett and Milton Rieck give promise of developing into able comedians.

THE Nugent plays are in a class all by themselves. Confirmed Ibsenites may find little in them; on the other hand, Nugent fans may object to Ibsen. At the Fifty-second Street Play Shop J. C. Nugent recently appeared in a "purely professional" skit called *The Trouper.* He wrote it himself, assisted by Elliott Nugent. It is conceived and executed with all the understanding of a "one-night-stand" actor and seasoned with a liberal number of "wise-cracks" conceived in, of and by the theatre The proceedings are enjoyable to those in the know, but it is doubtful if the general appeal will prove large; for all the plot there is concerns itself as to whether a "trouper," even with a chance to better his financial prospects by engaging in lucrative mercantile projects, would give up even the most barren "trouping." The authors decide that he would not; and that's that. The play is very short, and though written in three acts, has but little substance. Mr. Nugent gives an admirable portrait of a struggling mummer of considerable resourcefulness, and Ruth Nugent, his daughter, is one of the most wistfully attractive ingénues on the stage.

THERE may have been produced plays with more inept plots than *The Creaking Chair,* seen recently at the Lyceum. If so, this reviewer has been spared the anguish of having to sit through them. Personally, I love a mystery play. Who does not enjoy being thrilled in the theatre? I get a kick seeing doors open without visible agency, secret panels glide in the wall, ghastly hands coming out to grab their unsuspecting victims, crooks of supernatural powers with green light playing over their sardonic features. We never see such things in real life—but who hasn't, in the stillness of the night, experienced the creepy feeling that they might happen? When I get that kind of stuff I feel I have my money's worth. But *The Creaking Chair!* What is it all about?

Some jewels have been taken from an Egyptian tomb. Of the two Englishmen involved, one double crosses the other. The gems are traced to the home of Mr. Latter, whose wife goes into hysterics every time she sees a bit of Egyptian blue. A talky, talky first act that gets nowhere, most of the time taken up with a loquacious Scotch butler, who makes interminable love to a housemaid. The maid drops a tray. The audience jumps. Thrill No. 1. The incomprehensible wife continues her unpleasant shrieking, while the imperturbable crippled husband rolls around in his creaking chair. Mrs. Carruthers, a "mysterious dark woman" next door, makes stealthy delivery of the gems and then someone steals them. Detectives appear with much noise and sorry attempts at humor. The only moment in the play I really enjoyed was that when I reached for my hat.

IF you want an amusing crook play, one that really thrills you with snappy dialogue and gripping situations, go and see *Not Herbert* at the Klaw Theatre.

The son of a wealthy family has a perfect terror of the dark. First he shuts himself up when night comes, but soon the gloom fascinates him so that he is lured to explore. Large houses with numerous rooms and the horrors that lurk there interest him. Strong boxes containing precious diamonds, rubies and pearls that were never worn thrill him. At heart he is a poet and loves the butterflies and flowers. But at night he turns to burglary because of his dread of what he cannot see. Clarke Silvernail

(*Continued on page* 68)

Florence Vandamm Studio

CICELY COURTNEIDGE AND JACK HULBERT

Husband and wife in private life, these delightful English artists on whom Broadway has put its stamp of success, arrived from London to take the town by storm with their smart revue "By the Way." Petite, vivacious, bubbling over with mischievous humor, Miss Courtneidge makes as charming and débonnaire a man as she is a woman, while Mr. Hulbert, with his clever dancing, pleasant English voice and droll sketches, is a veritable host in himself

Mussolini Centralizes Theatrical Italy

New School of Young and Powerful Playwrights Thrive Under Fascist Régime

By BERTA CUTTI

WHILE the American theatre has come to be known during the past decade as the meeting ground of drama of all nations, it is in reality a little less than that. Of foreign importations there are many and of interest in the stage abroad there is much, but representations in English are mainly derived from England, France, Germany and Hungary, and interest here in new developments is largely centered in those countries—a limitation which excludes some of the most significant of contemporary literary and theatrical events, namely, those which are taking place in Italy. This evident neglect of Italy is not due, however, to the lack of artistic production in that country. The reason is that Italian authors, being snugly content with productions in their own land, have not advertised their wares abroad, as others have done. And Americans, apparently convinced that theatrically Italy is the land of grand opera, did not bother to investigate.

In accord with the customary tendency of Italians to fall into factious dissensions, the playwrights of Italy have aligned themselves into two opposing parties, those of the old school and those of the new school, as they call themselves. Not only is the Italian theatre disunited geographically, since the cultural center of the country, Milan, is at some distance from the political capital, Rome, with a half-dozen other cities of almost equal importance scattered about the peninsula, but it is divided likewise in its aims. As a heritage from its long era of being a series of small principalities, Italy has more than one metropolitan center, each of which attempts to rival Milan and Rome, a situation which makes for diffusion of talent and energy. It is a situation which is happily absent in France, England and America, where each nation's stage activities are so well centralized.

THE two schools of play-writing are clearly differentiated. The old school, as its name would indicate, is made up of the conservative-minded playwrights who follow the almost-operatic tradition, so well exemplified fifty years ago by Victorien Sardou. Their plays are always theatrical, carefully built up of dramatic situations, strictly adhering to conventional forms, with stock characters of a sweet heroine and brutal villain and several others of the, perhaps, thirty stencils which are always ready to come on a stage and perform. Of this school, Dario Niccodemi, author of *Stolen Fruit* and *Stronger Than Love,* to mention his plays with which America is familiar, is the undoubted leader. Niccodemi is essentially a craftsman, master of all the theatre's tricks of making emotional climaxes out of nothing. He has been called the Belasco of Italy.

Others of this group are Alfred Testoni, whose work is the essence of theatricalism; Marco Praga, Nino Berrini, Gioacchino Forzano—author of *The Count of Brechard, The Golden Fleur de Lys* and *Sly.*

The new school of playwrights disdains the artifice of built-up situations. Luigi Chiarelli, one of the leaders of the group, has expressed some of the aims of his colleagues in his monthly column in *Comœdia,* Italy's theatre magazine, as follows:

"The foundation on which every work of art—plastic, literary or musical—is built is the fact that in it there is expressed a simple truth in such a way that others are obliged to discover and accept it in the exact way it is offered to them. . . . Drama must reproduce life in action, seek to portray men, and force those portrayed to accept this portrayal and see it in the same light that the author who created the play has seen it."

The men of the new school are fascinated by ideas—by the ironical ideas that have come to them as they have watched the completely illogical and inconsistent progress of life about them. Their plays are neither uniformly dreary nor uniformly happy. They are just like the life we live—sometimes we laugh and crack jokes at a funeral and sometimes we feel miserable for no reason at all. It may be, as some of the critics of the newer playwrights have said, that they make their stories fit into their philosophies, rather than sincerely narrate events as they can happen, but of the old school it must then be said that their stories are made to fit into stage conventions. Their philosophies, at least, are ultimately based upon life, while the conventions are totally artificial. The followers of the new school present snatches of life without theatricalized situations, without climaxes—sometimes without a story even, just characterization and a state of mind—externalized introspection of a character's wonder, fear, courage, contempt or what-not in the face of a certain event. This technique tends to lend something of the grotesque to the proceedings. Foreigners hail as the leader of the new school Luigi Pirandello, whose works are fairly well known in America. He is to a great extent a sincere investigator and reporter of life's mad vagaries.

Signora Berta Cutti, representative in America of the Italian Society of Authors, is a business woman whose keenest interest in life is literary Italy. To-day there is a marked renaissance of the dramatic art in the land of the Cæsars. A group of native Italian dramatists, headed by the weird Chiarelli and the caustic Pirandello, are writing fine, powerful plays, all too few of which find their way to this country. Signora Cutti's mission is to make new authors and plays known here.

SOME of the other exponents of the new style are Rafaele Calzini, Mario Penzuti, Luigi Chiarelli, Luigi Antonelli, Fulvio Ratti, Alessandro Varaldo and Alessandro de Stefani. Their interests in subject matter are diverse, and a whole view of their works makes them appear an ill-matched group. But a group they are, none the less, by the similar manner of treatment they all employ.

Luigi Antonelli has declared that he will have nothing to do with mere man's emotions or any of the qualities with which man has been cursed by civilization. He has said that aboriginal man had a brain but no intelligence, he thought and lived by his instincts, which were wholesome. One of the most-discussed plays in Italy lately was Antonelli's *Isle of Apes,* in which he made a brief for his contention that the thinker always does harm to others. On an island, away from human habitation, monkeys live in contentment, rearing their families and going about in leisured, contented fashion. And then a cursed Prometheus appears—a man who brings the beginnings of civilization, disrupting the naïve happiness of the monkeys and bringing a train of evils. Antonelli also has written *The Man Who Met Himself* and *The House of Three Floors,* both of which include elements of the grotesque.

Fulvio Ratti has made a specialty of Biblical subjects. In his latest work he has made a hero of Judas, condemned by all through the centuries as the betrayer of Christ.

In striking contrast to Antonelli's concern with the intellect is Mario Penzuti's interest in the heart, so to speak. In *The Wooden Man and the Wax Lady* he intimates that while men are strong and sturdy as oaks, pure and capable of great emotion, women are like wax figures, non-durable and intent only on displaying themselves. The rights to this play were recently acquired by a New York producer.

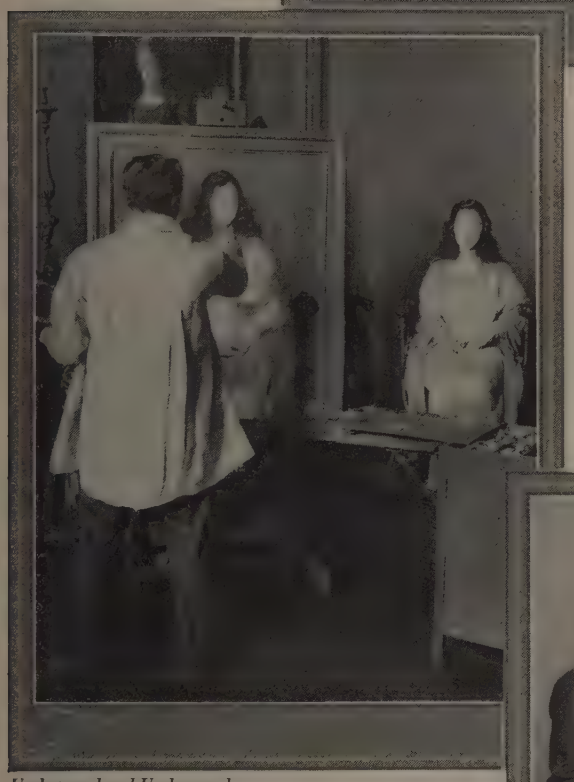
Rafaele Calzini is the author of an inter-

(*Continued on page* 58)

Sigmund Romberg, composer of such successes as *Blossom Time*, *The Student Prince*, *Maytime*, etc., is here shown at work upon a new operetta based on the life of Barbara Frietchie, which will be produced by the Shuberts

Underwood and Underwood

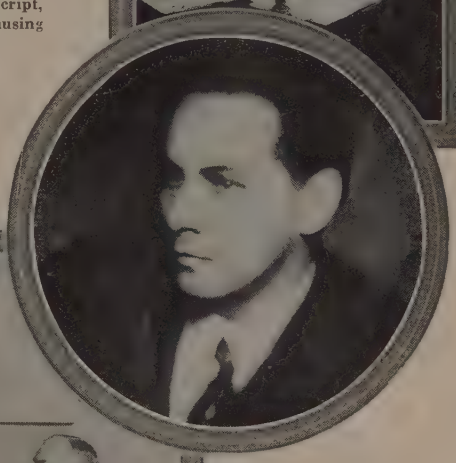
Dorothy Gish, who brings to the screen not only the much-demanded loveliness but the less requested intelligence, sits for Leon Gordon, the portrait painter, who depicts her in a charmingly pensive mood



Underwood and Underwood

White

Author, producer and director of *The Patsy*, an entertaining little play in which Claiborne Foster won the town. Evidently Barry Connor, the author of the comedy: Richard Herndon, its producer, and Allan Dinehart, who directed it, agree, in looking over the script, that the situations are quite amusing



Richard Boleslavsky, a new and forceful personality in the staging of plays, formerly a member of the Moscow Art Theatre, now continues his splendid work as technical adviser and director of the American Laboratory Theatre

Wide World

Ernest Truex, James Gleason and Earle Boothe, three actors who have turned producers, will begin their next season by presenting *Red Head* a new revue by Irene Franklin

THE PASSING SHOW

"Off-stage" snap-shots of people who hold "center-stage" in the theatrical world

A Wise-Cracker Learns to Weep

Star of "The Jazz Singer" Tells How He Gets Across with Different Audiences

By GEORGE JESSEL

FROM the Two-a-Day to the Legitimate!

Interesting bridge to span. The big difference to me is that at one end they call me George, at the other "Mr. Jessel."

Back of me are all the glad, gay spirits of the Merry Merry: the jugglers, the song-and-dance boys and girls, the slap-stick comedians and the trained seals. Before me a new field to conquer, new and complete characters to create, new opportunities and new colleagues in my profession.

But there's going to be no high-hatting!

Why should there be? I learned much from my years in vaudeville. The training is coming in remarkably handy now. Of course, if I had tossed colored balls in the air or rode a trick bicycle in vaudeville, it wouldn't have helped me much. But I appeared in sketches, and before that in musical comedy. So, after all, it wasn't like plunging from one strange world into another.

Since my transition from a vaudeville actor to an actor in the legitimate, I have had hurled at me many questions about Laughs. Is it like pulling teeth to get 'em in the legitimate? Must I use a different technique? Aren't patrons of the legitimate Sobersides? And to all of these I answer No! Never. Decidedly not. In fact, I find it easier to get laughs from a legitimate than a two-a-day audience. What's the answer to the riddle? The vaudeville audiences are really philanderers when it comes to the way they take their theatre. They drop in casually, not to see a particular actor, but a kaleidoscopic series of acts. They want variety, change, color, music, dancing, wise-cracks. It is a specialized audience. One that sees vaudeville practically every week. So vaudeville material is old stuff to it.

They've got the "show-me" attitude, particularly about stage humor, or jokes, or comedy. They've heard so much of it, and most of it of the same brand, that it's got to be mighty good and new and unusual to tickle their risibilities. No stale or stilted wise-cracking goes with them.

NOW with the legitimate audience it's different. The patrons of the legitimate take their theatre seriously. Extremely so. Why shouldn't they? They pay more for their tickets than the vaudeville patrons do. So they go to see a show all primed to be entertained. They want to be. They expect it. They don't want to feel that they've simply wasted $2.75 or $3.30 or whatever the ticket may have cost. With few exceptions, the vast majority of legitimate patrons do not take in many shows over a short period of time. The big audiences are changing ones. So that the legitimate theatre patrons are not calloused to comedy. Plays are new and fresh and fascinating to them.

Legitimate patrons are selective, too. They usually pick a show because a favorite actor of theirs is starred or appears in it. And for this reason they are all set to like him. If the play is a comedy, the favorite comedian doesn't have to strain a heart ligament to get a laugh. The laughs just cascade over him. In fact, as paradoxical as this may sound, I've had to try not to get laughs at certain times since my entry into the legitimate.

George Jessel, of the droll and flippant humor, favorite for years in vaudeville, has left the Two-a-Day. This versatile young actor has entered the legitimate, where he combines comedy with pathos, wrings hearts and tickles risibilities. His glib, wise-cracking days over, young Jessel, in *The Jazz Singer*, now makes them weep in the tragic rôle of a Jewish youth, whose dual character makes life a bitter struggle. The boy is half jazz singer, full of the hot-mama melodies of the age, half orthodox Jew, descendant of a long line of cantors, the sad and haunting religious airs a part of him. And with the tragic death of his father, the training of generations wins and the mammy singer becomes a cantor just like his ancestors.

Take my part, for instance, in *The Jazz Singer*. The rôle of the cantor's son is one filled with pathos. The terrible soul-struggle of a young Jewish lad, who, a descendant of a long line of cantors, finds that he possesses a jazz-song spirit. Part of him is orthodox Jew, the other half the youth of the new world, thoroughly modernized and attuned to all its reckless gaiety. Well, because most of the audience thinks of George Jessel as a hundred-per-cent. comedian, they are ready to laugh if I so much as twirl my finger in a gesture which, though unconscious, may appear comical to them. In some of the most solemn moments when I would much have preferred to hear a sob, or at least a deep silence, I heard spontaneous laughter or an appreciative giggle or two.

Pagliacci? Of course. I suppose I had to expect it.

I'm just mentioning this for the purpose of illustration—to show that legitimate patrons are not the sober, solemn owls some people think. They're on their toes all the time, ready to chortle. I certainly can't say as much of vaudeville patrons, much as I love them, bless their old hearts. Why, Merry Merry patrons are *blasé* rascals! I've seen them settle back in their seats to read newspapers or funny papers as soon as the ushers marshaled them to their seats. Yes, indeed, you've got to work hard to juggle them out of their calm and restful lethargic state. By the way, that lethargic is a high-class word.

Another question which has been asked me often since I left the ranks of the two-a-day is which I prefer, vaudeville or the legitimate. Either way I reply, my answer is liable to incriminate me. But, in all honesty, I must admit that my last love is the best. It would be sheer nonsense to deny that I find the field of the legitimate one simply chucked with thrills and opportunities for me. I love to delineate character. I like the transition from one mood to another. In the *Jazz Singer,* for instance, I am only a heedless boy in the first act. I haven't had any hard knocks. Nothing has happened to develop my character. I am flippant, gay, proud of my profession as an actor. I snap my fingers at the heart-aches of my old father, the anguish of my mother. In the second act, I am in my element, in the bright lights of a theatre, surrounded by satellites. To be a black-face comedian is my life's ambition, and it is about to be gratified.

Then, in the third act, a family tragedy changes the whole course of my life. My character is deepened, intensified. I become the man destiny intended me to be. Here is opportunity for laughs, for tears. I run the whole gamut of emotions. I would be hypocritical indeed if I pretended that such a rôle did not please me more than a fifteen-minute bit in vaudeville.

In the legitimate I haven't that constant feeling that I am racing with time. I'm not like a speaker at a banquet, who keeps one eye on his audience, the other on his watch. I can take my time. No unnecessary speeding up. I have a whole evening to work in, a complete character to delineate.

ONE thing about the legitimate which particularly delights me is that now I have only one master. The Public. In the two-a-day one must serve many and exacting masters. The place is cluttered up with bosses. While an audience in New York might like an actor and his work, an audience in a city on the road might not. While the house manager might like him, the man who books him might not, after seeing him work. One day he is patted on the back, the next day shown the nearest exit. One

(*Continued on page* 58)

Florence Vandamm Studio

GEORGE JESSEL IN "THE JAZZ SINGER"

This former vaudeville favorite becomes a "star" of the legitimate stage by his splendid performance of the young Jew who renounces fame as a black-face crooner to take his place as Cantor in the temple of his fathers

Songs That Made Them Famous

Performers Who Have Soared to Fame on the Wings of Some Simple Melody

By JAMES J. GELLER

IT had been a sweltering July day and a humidity hung over the city, adding to one's discomfort. The old Madison Square Garden of New York City was filled with noisy, perspiring delegates to the Democratic National Convention of 1924, drawn from every State in the Union; and the galleries, too, were jammed with a howling, frantic mass, divided into opposing camps. There was a din and clamor of human voices—as if some ominous power had opened the flood-gates of Bedlam. Everyone screamed, cajoled, threatened for his candidates — probably on the supposition that the most noise would influence the delegates in their choice. William G. McAdoo had already been placed in the field by his faithful cohorts. Then Al Smith, New York's favorite son, threw his hat in the ring! The band struck up the chorus of a melody, the first line of which runs: *East Side, West Side, all around the town.*

Instead of a mingled babble of tongue, everybody took up the strains. It swept the delegates and the galleries and shook the old garden of a million memories to its very rafters. A new page in American political history had been written—indelibly—in music of fire. Telegraphed throughout, its flames spread over the entire metropolis and rapidly enveloped the entire nation. A song had sold Al Smith to every American home, and he came mighty near to the coveted nomination for President of the United States.

If the governor of the Empire State is ever called to the White House, he will certainly march there to the strains of the Lawlor and Blake melody, *The Sidewalks of New York,* immortalized by Lottie Gilson, just as James J. Walker, the mayor of New York City, entered City Hall to the tune of his own composition, *Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?*

AS Governor Smith and Mayor Walker are definitely connected with two melodies, so one will find in our amusement annals many performers who were likewise catapulted into prominence on the fragile bark of song. Possibly their melodies possessed lively tunes and rhythm which fastened its hold upon the public, or it might have been the injection of a winning personality into the song that earned for it constant applause. For public enthusiasm, like kisses, goes by favor. Frequently it is some inexplicable force that has welded the singer and the song together. The history of songdom is full of examples where obscure singers, vaudevillians and musical-comedy troupers have soared to fame on the wings of some simple melody unostentatiously gliding into their careers. These songs in their heyday were accepted as symbols of speech and became cartooned, parodied, hummed, whistled and hurdy-gurdied throughout the land, and no public appearance was complete without a rendition of that song.

Strand, N. Y.

EDWARD GALLAGHER AND AL SHEAN

Two vaudeville artists who won fame overnight with one song: *Absolutely, Mister Gallagher; Positively, Mister Shean*

These melodies were popular in the sense that there was nothing subtle, deep or intricate to read in them, no nuances, elusive fugues or sonatas with complicated *adagios.* They served principally to amuse and entertain, and though one might cavil at the public taste, as is often the case, the songs actually offered the masses a temporary escape from the tediousness of a workaday world.

One can recall many popular melodies that are inextricably woven into the careers of their singers. Mere mention of any favorite singer of the past and the present invariably brings up the one song in his repertoire by which he is best remembered. Not only are the singers associated with certain songs, but even remote geographical regions have been kept alive by these pæans of joy. Consider what *On the Banks of the Wabash* means to one from the Hoosier State, *Dixie* to a Southerner, *My Old Kentucky Home* to a Kentuckian and *Where the River Shannon Flows* to an Irishman.

The man who preferred to write the songs of a nation rather than its laws certainly diagnosed the public psychology correctly. Laws rarely become popular, but the humming, singing or playing of a melody is the unarbitrary expression of an emotional feeling. How famous songs first came to be associated with their innovators is as interesting as their composition. Without the singer's public interpretation, they would have remained in obscurity.

IT was in *The Wild Rose,* a musical play produced by George Lederer and scheduled to open at the Garrick Theatre in Philadelphia one night in October, 1905, that Marie Cahill came upon the one song that carried her to success. Supporting Miss Cahill in *The Wild Rose* were Eddie Foy, Junie McCree and Irene Bentley. Despite the tuneful musical score contained in the production, the *première* performance failed to yield that one melody indispensable for the success of the comedy. It forced Lederer to send an S. O. S. call to the Manhattan song smiths for a melody to make future audiences file out humming and thereby pave the way for the eventual New York opening. While at rehearsal the next morning, someone found on the stage piano a copy of a song entitled *Nancy Brown,* written by Clifton Crawford. Eddie Foy—out of curiosity—suggested that Miss Cahill glance over this music. Whereupon the house manager, who was present, recognized the number and advised against its use, informing them that it had been abandoned at this same piano some weeks previously by Pete Dailey and Christie McDonald in *Champagne Charlie.* It had registered so poorly with the audience that these singers quickly eliminated it from the program. Running her eye over the lyric, Miss Cahill discerned possibilities in that little song overlooked by others and decided to sing it during her next performance. With a hurried orchestration made that day, she entered into the song during the evening appearance. Judging from the warm applause that greeted her as she finished the first verse and chorus, Miss Cahill realized that she *had* found the song.

It was *Nancy Brown* which definitely established Marie Cahill in the favored

(*Continued on page* 64)

LOTTIE GILSON
"Sidewalks of New York"

HARRY LAUDER
"I Love a Lassie"

MAGGIE CLINE
"Throw Him Down, McCloskey"

FRANCES WHITE
"Mississippi"

EVA TANGUAY
"I Don't Care"

CISSY FITZGERALD
"Naughty Little Wink"

MAY IRWIN
"The Bully Song"

MAUDE NUGENT
"Sweet Rosie O'Grady"

MARIE CAHILL
"Nancy Brown"

SINGERS WHO THRILLED A NATION

A few of the famed entertainers whose names are always linked with a popular song

Love 'Em and Leave 'Em

A Comedy in American

by

GEORGE ABBOTT and JOHN V. A. WEAVER

"LOVE 'Em and Leave 'Em" is another contribution to the strictly American stage. It concerns the working force of Mr. Ginsburg's Department Store and is written in the language of the ribbon-and-hosiery counter. It is as typically American as "Is Zat So?" and, like the latter play, a glossary will be needed before it can be produced abroad. George Abbott sprang into prominence with the production of "The Fall Guy," which he wrote in conjunction with James Gleason. This is John V. A. Weaver's first successful attempt at play-writing. Last season he wrote a play for his wife, Peggy Wood, but it failed to get over. "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," however, is to all indications a hit.

THE CAST

(As produced at the Sam H. Harris Theatre)

Lem Woodruff	Donald Meek
Ma Woodruff	Camilla Crume
Kenyon	Joseph Bell
Jim	Harold Waldrige
Janie Walsh	Katherine Wilson
Billingsley	Donald Macdonald
Mame Walsh	Florence Johns
Miss Streeter	Edna Heineman
Pearl	Frances Lynch
Agnes	Nellie Leach
Sam	Elmer Cornell
Jack	Vincent Mallory
Mr. McGonigle	Thomas Chalmers
Aiken	G. Albert Smith

MAME'S bedroom in the boarding-house of Mrs. Woodruff serves as the locale of the first act. A curtained alcove alone distinguishes the room from the many other boarding-house bedrooms. Lem Woodruff, a short, middle-aged man, untidily clad in flashy raiment, enters, followed shortly by Ma Woodruff. Ma rails at her lazy, good-for-nothing spouse evidently from habit. He must, she insists, stop making gin with the widow who lives on the third floor. Lem is dispatched to the kitchen to peel onions. Kenyon, an employee of the Ginsburg Department Store, enters in search of Jim, another employee of the store, who lives on the flight above. Jim is called down, and we learn the Ginsburg Department Store Welfare Club is to hold an entertainment. The two boys exit to practice their act, which is to be a great novelty, a piccolo-and-trombone duet. Janie, Mame's sister, comes in, excited over the news that Miss Streeter, the head of the welfare club, is on her way up to the boarding-house to hold an executive meeting to arrange the details of the entertainment. Bill (Billingsley) comes in after Ma leaves, followed by Lem. The conversation is about the races, and Lem tries to induce Bill to let him play the races for him, but Bill is interested solely in radio. From Janie's actions we are informed that she has given Lem money to be placed on the ponies, and as soon as Bill leaves, sent on an errand by Janie, she wants to know the results of her bets. She has won $3.60 and is disappointed with the meagerness of the winnings. She wants $150 for a swell dress, and is induced by Lem to place $20 for to-morrow's races. Lem leaves when Bill returns.

JANIE: Did you see Mame to-day?

BILL: Yes, I seen her, but——

JANIE: Did you tell her?

BILL (*embarrassed pause*): Not yet I didn't.

JANIE: You afraid of her?

BILL: Gee, Janie, I don't like to hurt her feelings, that's all.

JANIE: Well, neither do I, but—— (*Eloquent pause.*)

BILL: When a guy's been keeping company with a Jane as long as I have with Mame, gee whiz, it's hard to tell her.

JANIE: Well, maybe you better keep right on keepin' company with her.

BILL: Oh, Janie, don't spring that on me.

JANIE: Well, you can't go with both of us.

BILL: Honest to God, Janie, when I'm with you, I'd just as leave tell anybody anything—I'm sure off my nut about you, kid.

JANIE: Well, I'm that way about you too, Bill, and it just makes me boiling inside when I see Mame actin' like she owned you. I don't want you to have nothing to do with nobody but me. You don't have to tell Mame all at once, but just kind of break it to her gradual.

Janie persists that Bill must break the news to Mame that he has transferred his allegiance to the younger sister, and after some time he promises to get enough backbone together to do it. What might have been a romantic scene is interrupted by a call that Janie is wanted on the telephone.

Mame comes home. She wants to know what the change in Bill's attitude indicates. Bill evades the issue and Janie returns with the news that Miss Streeter is on the way to the boarding-house. Mame goes into the alcove to change.

JANIE (*whispers*): Did you tell her? (*Bill motions to be quiet.*)

MAME (*coming out*): No, he didn't. I got big ears, you see. (*She sits down to change shoes.*) An' I'm kinda sore, too, if you want to know it.

BILL: What about?

MAME: I don't want my boy friend telling no secrets to my sister that he can't tell me.

JANIE: Oh, Mame, don't be silly.

Mame insists on learning what the secret is, but the announcement that Miss Streeter has arrived brings everyone into the room. Miss Streeter is a thin-faced business woman of thirty-five. The other members of the committee come in and the meeting takes place. Miss Streeter runs everything and goes off. Janie has been appointed assistant treasurer, with the responsibility of collecting a dollar from every employee. The members of the committee go, leaving Mame and Janie alone.

MAME: What's the big secret?

JANIE: Huh?

MAME: Yeh, you know—between you and Bill.

JANIE: You better ask Bill.

MAME: I never seen him act so nutty in all my life like he did to-night—for quite a few days too, now I begin to notice it. . . . We're going together, ain't we?

JANIE: You always acted like it was just a joke.

MAME: I should break my heart over any guy.

JANIE: Maybe that's what Bill thought.

MAME: What do you mean?

JANIE: Some fellers get tired of being kidded all the time—especially if they've got real stuff in 'em like Bill has—especially if they get the right person to bring it out——

MAME: Well, he ast to marry him onct.

JANIE: That don't keep him from lookin' at any other person, does it?

MAME: Is he lookin' at you?

JANIE (*lying back on bed*): Oh, say, you can imagine more things. Nobody's goin' to steal your friend.

MAME: Anybody that can steal him is welcome.

Janie tells Mame that the big secret is that Bill has invited her to a big dance to which Mame has been very anxious to go.

JANIE: If you don't want me to go, say so.

MAME: Go to it, kid.

JANIE: Every time a guy asts me to go some place, should I first say I got to ast my sister does she want him?

MAME: Well, you don't need to be gettin' so serious about it. I could still crack a smile if that homely-lookin' goofer never came near me again.

JANIE: It's just for one dance, so far as I know.

MAME: One or a hundred, it's no diff to me. I ain't laying myself on the subway tracks for any of 'em.

Florence Vandamm Studio

THE CRAP GAME IN "LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM"

Mayme (Florence Johns) and Lem (Donald Meek) in a tense and highly amusing moment from the comedy "In American" at the Sam Harris Theatre when the galloping dominoes go back on their master

Janie goes out to look for the boys who have gone to buy food for a little party. Bill comes in.

BILL: Oh, ain't they back yet?

MAME: No. . . . You're going to take Janie to the dance.

BILL: Well, it's all right, ain't it?

MAME: Sure.

BILL: Seems all right to me.

MAME: Whyn't you tell me?

Mame finds out that it was Janie who did the inviting to the dance. She is very much put out that Bill didn't tell her that he has fallen for Janie. Janie returns, followed by Kenyon and Jim. All sit around the table.

BILL: Where do I park myself?

MAME: Over there, half-wit.

JIM: Say, Mame, you'll scare your boy friend away.

MAME: Can I rely on that?

KENYON: She treats them rough.

MAME: You bet your life. It's a big mistake to get crazy about anybody. Take 'em as they come—none of 'em matter.

JIM: That's a swell idea, that is.

MAME: Well, it is. Then you never get hurt. Ain't it so?

JANIE: You mean to say you wouldn't ever—fall in love just head over heels?

MAME: You bet your neck I wouldn't. Love 'em and leave 'em—that's me. All this stuff about "lastin' forever" makes me sick. I'm not goin' to let any man play me for a fish. Kid 'em along, fool 'em and forget 'em.

Janie holds forth that love is a beautiful, sacred thing, to which her sister answers: "Junk." Mame begins a flirtation with Ken, who is a very slow-thinking chap with the reputation of having one-way pockets. Lem comes in and the party is dispersed by Mame, who claims a headache and a need for sleep. Mame throws Bill's picture on the floor, breaking the glass, much to Janie's distress

Mame lets down the folding bed for the night and throws Janie a pillow for her cot.

JANIE: You give me the wrong pilla.

MAME: This one's mine, ain't it?

JANIE: You always let me use it.

MAME: I always let you use everything. But it's mine, ain't it?

JANIE: Oh, go have a fit and jump in it. I don't see anything to get sore about.

MAME: Sore? Who's gettin' sore? I'm just sayin' it's my pilla and I'll use it if I wanta.

JANIE: Go ahead and use it.

MAME: All my life I never owned anything cause if you wanted it, you took it. You was pretty and I was plain—you was the pet.

JANIE (*weeping*): You never talked that way to me before in your life.

MAME: Well, I could say a lot of things if I wanted to sometimes. (*Janie sniffs.*) Guess you know why—all right——

JANIE: If you don't want Bill to go to the dance with me, why don't you say so—I can't help it cause he likes me—well—I can't—— (*Weeps.*)

Mame throws her the coveted pillow and takes the other. She turns out the light and kneels by the bed.

JANIE: I don't know what you're so mad about

MAME: Shut your mouth — I'm saying my prayers.

* * * * * * * * *

THE second act finds Kenyon and Jim Somers practising their trombone-and-piccolo duet in the boarding-house parlor. But not for long. Lem comes in and tells them they must stop. It is the evening of the dress rehearsal of the Ginsburg Welfare Board Entertainment. Janie comes in and is told that Miss Streeter phoned that she was coming to see her. Jim and Ken go in search of another place to practise and Lem starts to go, but Janie stops him.

JANIE: Ain't you got nothin' to say to me?

LEM: Oh, you mean——?

JANIE: Be your age. What's the idea of all the forgetfulness? You could remember well enough when I lost—now that I won, think you're goin' to walk out on me?

LEM: Gee, did Comanche win?

JANIE: You know very well it did.

LEM: Oh, Lord! Oh! Now, ain't that terrible? Gee, gosh, Janie, I—why—I don't know what to do about it! . . . I got there just five minutes

Act II—Mame (*Florence Johns*) upbraids her sister, Janie (*Katherine Wilson*), for misappropriating the Ginsburg Welfare funds

after three . . . and he wouldn't take the bet.

JANIE: You didn't place my bet on Comanche? . . . The only time I win in the last two weeks you——

Janie tries to make Lem give her the money back, but he claims that he has already placed it on a horse for to-morrow.

JANIE: Is zat so? You just try holding out on me, you cheat! Watch me spill the whole thing. Now, are you going to give it back?

LEM (*changing to low, menacing tone*): Try it. That's all I got to say—just try it. I guess it wouldn't be swell for you if I go down to your boss and tell him you been gamblin' with the Welfare funds——

JANIE: That ain't so!

LEM: No, of course it an't. And I'm the King of Siam.

JANIE: Well, that ain't any of your business. You crooked me. You swore I'd win, and you made me lose already eighty-five dollars, and I gotta make it up by next Saturday.

Mame enters and Lem gets a chance to exit. Bill comes in and Mame does not miss an opportunity to make fun of him. He is writing a poem for the entertainment and is hurt when she quotes poetry he once wrote to her. Mame goes out and Janie flies at Bill because he takes all the sarcasm Mame hands out without a comeback. Janie accuses Bill of still being in love with Mame, but he claims his actions are all due to his good nature. Miss Streeter is announced. She has come for the money, the rent being demanded before the rehearsal. Janie is unnerved by this unexpected turn to affairs and goes up-stairs to get the money. She returns, announcing the money stolen. After a scene, Miss Streeter agrees to wait for the money until rehearsal time, but if the money is not at the hall that evening she will report the matter to the proper authorities. As Miss Streeter leaves Bill enters.

JANIE: Bill, you got to get me eighty-five dollars!

BILL: Are you kiddin' me? There ain't that much money in the world.

JANIE: Will you for God's sake stop bein' a damn fool and help me?

BILL (*sobering down, after a pause*): What's the trouble, Janie?

JANIE: I got to have eighty-five dollars. No, I got twelve of my own—I gotta have seventy-three dollars by rehearsal time—I just gotta!

But Bill is three weeks behind in his rent and has no money. Janie suggests that he might sell his radio, but Bill can't see that.

JANIE: Oh, Bill, this is serious. Would you—would you want to see me put in jail?

BILL (*incredulously*): What?

JANIE: Yes, jail. And get blamed for what somebody else done?

BILL: Janie, what are you talkin' about?

JANIE: The Welfare fund—somebody went in my trunk and stole some of it—and if I don't make it up some way and get it to Miss Streeter to-night — to-night — by rehearsal time — then they'll turn it over to the store detective—and I'll get arrested!

BILL: Jusus! . . . But who could have took it?

JANIE: I got my own ideas, but what difference does that make?

BILL: A lot of difference. Who was it?

JANIE: Oh, Bill, a person don't like to say anything about their own flesh and blood . . . a person don't like to accuse their own sister.

BILL: You don't mean to say that Mame done that? . . . Why, Mame wouldn't—— How'd you ever get such a crazy idea?

JANIE: She was the only one had a key to my trunk.

Janie tells Bill that Mame has lost the money on the ponies. Jim comes in and Bill tries to borrow from him, but all he can get is a five-spot. They call Ken, but he will not loan a cent. Then Bill tries to sell him his radio set.

JIM: You gonna buy it, Ken?

JANIE: Sure he is.

MAME: If you go spendin' your money on that thing—after the fight you make over a chocolate——

JANIE: Can't you shut up?

MAME: Well, what's eatin' you? Anybody'd think you was going to get a commission.

BILL: Think of goin' callin' on your girl and takin' real entertainment with you.

MAME (*to Ken*): You needn't make no plans to come callin' on me with it.

BILL: Well, I got business, if you'll leave me attend to it.

Mame continues to spoil the sale, and whatever chance Bill might have had to get the fifty dollars from Ken is lost, when Ma Woodruff marches through the room with the radio under her arm. She has seized it for non-payment of rent.

MAME: You should have took the offer of sixty cents while you had it.

BILL: There might have been some excuse for

(*Continued on page* 52)

Carina Azi, of the Swedish Ballet, in a fiery interpretation of "Anitra's Dance," from Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite

Vienna's toast, Ilona Karolevna, who combines dazzling beauty with fiery rhythm and exotic grace with broad humor in her dances in the Ronacher Revue

Mikhail Mordkin, the famed dancer, who returns from Russia to the American dancing platform next season

A new portrait of Anna Pavlowa, best known of ballerinas

Yvette, French danseuse, with her partner, Roberts, in the new *Bacchanale*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WHO DANCE

Terpsichorean artists whose nimble toes have given them fame in two hemispheres

(*Continental Features*)

A Satirist Turns to Fantasy

An Interview with Marc Connelly on His New Play That Was Stamped a Hit Overnight

By B. F. WILSON

FOR a derisive, ultra-modern, nose-thumbing satirist to turn sentimentalist; for a playwright who has hitherto written with his tongue so evident in his cheek that he appeared a victim of an over-developed case of mumps to grow tender; for the discoverer of the butter-and-egg man to write a fantasy that out-Barries Barrie is a matter sufficiently unordinary to create a stir, and strangely enough the only person not at all surprised at the phenomenon is the man who has pulled this little rabbit out of the silk hat.

Marc Connelly, junior member of the play-writing firm Kaufman and Connelly, which for the past five years has cornered the play market, has now pulled off a stunt everyone in the theatre world is mulling over. The grouchy critics settling down into their seats on the opening night of *The Wisdom Tooth* were, in all probability, prepared to treat it in anything but a painless fashion. The title, of course, was harbinger for another of the sophisticated, "smart-Alecky" satires usually expected of Mr. Connelly. The title was and is unfortunate. A delicate, tender, charmingly foolish, wistful little play greeted them. Fine as a skein of cocoon's silk; a blue balloon kept deftly in the air for two hours; a fern-seed tale, warm with moments of genuinely poignant sweetness.

The material used in fashioning the play is the bright, glimmering, shining stuff of dreams. Into the material is woven the soul of a dull, clodhopper clerk—"a carbon-copy" person; a group of nebulous, every-day, boarding-house characters; a sturdy, appealing little kid of eleven and a quaint old couple brought back to life by the crying need of the clerk—their grandson.

In each and every review appearing the morning after the opening night the aforesaid critics had floundered on the word "charming." In each and every review the fact that the author had violently upset their equilibrium was apparent. Why should a man who knew how to make people squirm in their seats when they saw themselves so faithfully held up to ridicule on the stage suddenly forget all about petty personalities and proceed to show deep, intense beauty, idealism and fineness of feeling in an ordinary clerk? It was almost presumptuous.

I ASKED the author to explain such a bewildering change of attitude from cynical wise-cracking to ——?

"My God!" said Mr. Connelly. "Why shouldn't I write a fantasy if I want to? I've been working on the play two years. It was turned down by a number of managers. I have been holding on to the cast in it for the past eight months. I had anything but an easy time with it. The play closed twice on the road—in Atlantic City and in Hartford. I had to rewrite the whole thing after it had been rehearsed and produced in Hartford. I knew there was something wrong with it, but what I couldn't find out. The clouds were too thick over the whole thing for me to see my way clear. My idea was there, but I didn't know how to express it.

"Funny thing," he mused, "how my stock went down while I was trying to sell *The Wisdom Tooth*. Oh, I got enough requests for a play from the managers, but you know half-hearted—let's see another

Photo Muray

MARC CONNELLY

Who has startled Broadway with his abrupt departure from the wise-cracking type of play to one of fairy-land and day-dreams

Dulcy or *Merton* and we'll talk business! Most of them thought I was crazy trying to put over a serious play—and a fantasy at that—with fairies, and circuses, and kids all mixed up in a boarding-house with a clerk who has the toothache!

"I'll admit it was the hardest play to write that I've turned out so far. Probably won't write another fantasy for ten years. It's difficult to get what you're trying to say across the footlights. Also, most actors are scared to death of this kind of a play. They have an idea it should be read like Shakespeare—or acted as though they were in a ballet by Ben Ali Haggin in Ziegfeld's *Follies*."

After a valiant attempt by "Billy" Smith, who closed the play at Hartford, Mr. Connelly took hold of the cast and turned to direction. He had a lot of fun with it. He rehearsed it for about six weeks, and here's his idea of what you have to do in order to make a difficult play understandable to a heterogeneous audience:

"A play should be a successful blood-transfusion between the actors and the audience. Without the proper union between the two, there can be no chance of success. The more easily the audience takes the new blood into their veins, the more skillful the writer.

"In a fantasy like *The Wisdom Tooth* this is particularly difficult because there must be no evidence of the transfusion process, and when you are trying to keep two distinct narratives going at once such as I had to in the play, and prevent the machinery from creaking or showing, it's like an amateur trying to juggle a half-dozen plates in the air at the same time, or Joe Cook telling the story of the three Hawaiians!"

Marc Connelly and George Kaufman, his partner in previous play-writing, are the Damon and Pythias of the dramatic world. While each has written—for the first time—a play without the aid of the other, it is a part of a regular program which they have laid out neatly and sincerely for themselves. The next thing on the program will be a joint effort, showing the authors back in their old places as end men, poking a particularly sharp finger at the foibles and follies of all of us.

After that Mr. Connelly has ideas for a new play—an attempt of an entirely new and original nature. A play with a set of characters never before seen upon any stage, but who in their own environment and actions microscopically reflect the world.

"It will be a serious play," he said. "The biggest thing I have ever tried to do. I don't know whether or not I'll be able to handle it, but I intend working on it off and on until I think it's perfect.

"You know," he added with a smile, "I'm so darn lazy that I never know when I'm going to have anything finished. I like to loaf for about six months—not do a thing, just fool around, play poker, see my friends and sleep. The way I like to work is to book passage for a trip to Europe for, say, about four or five months or more, and while I'm handing my baggage to the porter, I'll be thinking, 'Now shall I have her cross left with the book in her hand, or shall I let him be a hero at heart but a villain on the surface?' You know what I mean?"

LIKE most of the men who to-day are supplying the American stage with successful plays, Mr. Connelly began his career as a newspaper man—first as a cub reporter, then a full-fledged one and then star on *The Pittsburgh Gazette*. Then he wrote snappy paragraphs for humorous magazines. Then he wrote verse. Coming to New York, he reported Broadway for *The Morning Telegraph*, covering the plays too insignificant for the notice of the dramatic critic of that paper. Not long afterwards followed the first collaborated

(*Continued on page* 68)

Florence Vandamm Studio

SPECTRAL VISITORS COME TO AID BEMIS

Scene from the new play, "The Wisdom Tooth," at the Little Theatre, which tells the story of a humble office clerk, Bemis (Thomas Mitchell) who, in his search for individuality, calls upon the spirit of his grandparents for courage. Marc Connelley is the author of this delightful mixture of comedy, fantasy and pathos

The Guild Movie Is Here

New Film Group to Put Real Art Into Pictures and Taboo the Trashy and Vicious

By JOHN LARKIN, JR.

ONE gray Sunday afternoon in the November of six years ago an audience at the Capitol Theatre, Gotham's "palatial picture palace," was startled by the screen offering. Many were pleased; many were bored; some were shocked. They witnessed the unreeling of a photoplay foreign to their film ken and comprehension. They saw, not *Pleasing Passions* nor *Her Supreme Moment,* but *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* of Teutonic manufacture. Theirs was the honor to attend the presentation of the first foreign "art movie" to raise its head in these United States.

An art movie may be defined as a photoplay written with a purpose about reasonable, human characters, intelligently directed, skilfully played and tastefully staged. It is a photoplay for the picture-going minority which enjoys a thought-provoking film rather than the pap of pseudo-passion. By art is meant creativeness—not adherence to the formula for box-office attractions.

There is plenty of room in the movie world for an organization similar to the Theatre Guild. Backed by 16,000 subscribers, that group brings to Gotham the finest plays the world has to offer, stages them with intelligence and beauty and is to-day so popular it keeps three theatres busy. The Theatre Guild and *Dr. Caligari* made history in their respective corrals. And history repeats itself!

IT was on an equally gray Sunday afternoon in the year 1925 and in the Washington Square district that the first "little movie theatre" was established. The Shadowbox, the name it hopes to establish wherever movies are shown in this land, drew its first breath in the vest-pocket playhouse of Joseph Lawren, the publisher, on West Twelfth Street. There a hundred kindred spirits gathered, pledged themselves to the little theatre-for-the-movie banner and then witnessed the first showing here of the Germanic *Kriemhild's Revenge,* from the house of UFA, the photo sequel to the stirring *Siegfried.*

Further impetus is being given to the art movie by another group, the International Film Arts Guild. This group, "dedicated to the task of reviving and keeping alive the classics of the cinema as well as those films which closely approach the designation of masterpiece," is actually establishing itself on a sound commercial basis—on Broadway. It is giving America the first movie repertory theatre.

But let us return to the art movie seen round the world—*The Cabinet of Dr. Calgari.* Here it was, comparatively speaking, a failure. In every other country it was financially successful. To-day the picture is about twelve years old. There is but one print and the negative left. The UFA vault in Berlin treasures these. The years wore out hundreds of prints, but one might say they gave themselves to make the world safe for better movies.

The waters of six years have slipped under the proverbial bridge since *Caligari* made his début here, sponsored by Metro. One might well call him the father of our few art movies and *Broken Blossoms* the mother. They begot *The Last Laugh, Greed, The Golem, A Woman of Paris, Deception, Siegfried, Kiss Me Again, The Big Parade, The Covered Wagon, Shoulder Arms, Lady Windermere's Fan, Moana of the South Seas, Tol'able David, The Tower of Lies, Marry Me, Crainquebille, One Arabian Night, Nanook of the North, The Unholy Three, The Gold Rush, Are Parents People?* and their ilk.

TRUE, many of those pictures were made abroad. But we may call them "our" art movies because they were permitted into our film houses to influence American taste.

But they remained the poor relations of that Gargantuan Lady Lilith, the motion-picture industry, incorporated. Mme. Lilith favored her healthier *Stupendous Desires* and *Do Husbands Tell?* They were the unerring bread-winners.

Now the time has come when the Madame must lend an ear to a tiny but persistent voice. She must heed the little theatre movement she begot. It demands that she supply it with offspring, possibly less healthy from the box-office view-point than *Her Secret Sin,* but essentially more intelligent. It demands the art movie and is willing to pay for it.

This voice cries out:

"We've supported trash for want of something better. Now we know what we want. Give us the art movie! We of the minority have helped with the majority to fill your money bags. Now help us. Give us the art movie! We have the directors capable of producing them. We want movies showing the creative touch—not the rubber stamp of mediocrity!"

The Shadowbox is a crystallization of this voice. So is the Film Arts Guild. The leading spirit in the Shadowbox group is Joseph R. Fliesler, of UFA, and a former film critic. He hopes to spread the Shadowbox idea, the little movie theatre movement, throughout the country, believing that there is a waiting audience. In time his plan ought to tease the American producers of lavish hokum into devoting a few dollars toward art movies.

Movie programs could stand more one-, two- and three-reel plays, films that would drive the unsightly and noisy vaudeville from the so-called legitimate movie houses. Such films, short and pointed, would be to the cinema what the one-act play is to the drama and the short story to literature. What a wealth of movie material would then be available in the tales of Stephen Crane, De Maupassant, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Poe, François Coppée, O. Henry, A. E. Coppard, Leonard Merrick, Paul Morand, Donn Byrne, Ambrose Bierce and the like!

Some time this month the Shadowbox on Twelfth Street will open its doors to subscribers and subscribers' children. The adults are given one kind of play and the children another. The latter are not to be permitted to the former's shows.

The group announces for early presentation Hauptmann's *Rose Bernd; Polikuschka,* acted by the Moscow Art Players; *Metropolis,* directed by Murnau, creator of *The Last Laugh; Variety,* featuring Emil Jannings as a trapeze performer; *The Waltz Dream,* patterned on Strauss' operetta, *Manon Lescaut;* Molière's *Tartuffe* and *Kriemhild's Revenge.* American producers have the directors to make such pictures, but they would rather squander millions in an Annette Kellerman bathing-girl fantasy or *Ben-Hur*—sure-fire stuff—than experiment in developing the medium responsible for their fortunes.

Faust is in the making in the UFA studios. It follows Goethe's poem. Though a far cry from the classics, we could film some of Countee Cullen's poems.

The Shadowbox will be an American organization and by no means a German film propaganda medium. It aims to bring to American audiences the best American, English, French, German, Italian, Austrian, Scandinavian, Indian and Japanese films. These will be circulated among out-of-town Shadowbox groups now being organized—torch-bearers of the little movie theatre. Their possibilities are limitless.

Besides fostering the art movie for the adult mind and emotion, the group intends to develop the child's movie as well. It plans to wean youngsters from blood-and-thunder and sex dramas which they witness because films suited to their age are not made. It would give them educational films with a plot to them, the adventures of healthy boys and girls their own age, and fairy-tales for the very young. Foreign producers have made some beautiful versions of the works of the brothers Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen.

THE plan of the Shadowbox group is young. It may expire as plans have a way of doing. But it is laudable. There are intelligent people as well as movie fans in this country of ours. Give the art movie a chance and it will be adequately supported.

Much is being done already to educate "art-movie fans" by the movie's own repertory theatre, the International Film Arts Guild. Since Symon Gould founded it, three months of Broadway success have been enjoyed and at the time of going to press it was blooming better than ever.

The Film Guild's theory is that those

(*Continued on page* 62)

Wm. Mortenson *Wescosco Studios*

ROWENA AND IVANHOE

This study of Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell as the characters from Sir Walter Scott's most popular novel should serve as a hint to the wise movie producer of the wealth of narrative and pictorial material to be found in the works of the famous Scottish author

M · U · S · I · C

Mr. Carpenter's Jazz Ballet Proves One of the Delights of the Season

By GRENVILLE VERNON

MR. OTTO KAHN, through whom all artistic things are possible, recently declared that if a good jazz opera could be found it would find the Metropolitan Opera House sympathetic toward its production. Whereat no hands were lifted in protesting horror. It shows that we are moving, though where or how, it would take a bold man to prophesy. And now, as a prelude to the coming jazz opera, the Metropolitan has presented a jazz ballet—John Alden Carpenter's *Skyscrapers*—presented it to general applause, including that of the officials in the box-office. It is significant that of all the works by Americans presented at the Metropolitan only the two ballets have possessed any vitality. The operas, whatever their names—*Mona, Cyrano, The Canterbury Pilgrims, Shanewis* and the rest—were a weariness to the flesh. They were well-meaning and sometimes well-made—and that was all. But Henry F. Gilbert's *The Dance in Place Congo* and now Mr. Carpenter's *Skyscrapers* are works of a very different caliber. Is it after all that by our legs rather than by our throats we shall come to know American music? Will our composers have themselves danced rather than sung into fame? It begins to look so.

It is significant, too, that both Mr. Gilbert's and Mr. Carpenter's ballets should base themselves largely on the rhythms of the negro, the first the negro of New Orleans and the West Indies with his *Bamboula,* the second the negro of the Broadway cabarets. To the American of Nordic blood it isn't very comforting, this turning to the African for spontaneity of utterance. Yet both Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Carpenter are Nordics, and Nordics of English descent at that. Is it after all that America's art expression in music is to be African? Is the White, with his inherited belief in melody, to be overwhelmed by the purely animal rhythm of the Black? For animal it is, and never more so than it showed itself in *Skyscrapers.*

SKYSCRAPERS isn't the first successful ballet of Mr. Carpenter's. Once before, and then as now in collaboration with Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, he made New York audiences sit up. This was when the Chicago Opera Company gave *The Birthday of the Infanta.* Yet with all its beauty and command of rhythm, that ballet was in the tradition of the ballets of the past. It was in its essence European and not American. But *Skyscrapers,* despite an occasional bow to Stravinsky, is as American as Times Square. Indeed it is an expression of the America of which Times Square is the geographical center—the America of the cabaret, the amusement park, the tabloid newspaper, an America which our fathers would have consigned to the innermost ring of the infernal regions, the America of our cities, an America unthinking, hectic, vulgar, extraordinarily vital. Like it or not, it exists, and with the continued growth of our urban population, becomes more and more dominant. We can't shut our eyes to it, and certainly not our ears. There it is—a splendid topic for the moralist, and *Skyscrapers* gives it to us in all its color, crudity and power.

OLGA BAKLANOVA

Whose Carmen in the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio's version of the Bizet-Merimee opera proved one of the sensations of the season

Mr. Carpenter's ballet tells no story. It is as confused and irrational as the life it expresses. It shows America at work and America at play. The spirit of jazz is omnipresent. No one knows where he is going and no one cares. Physical action is the only aim and the jazzier the merrier. Of course there is no real gaiety, for a life purely animal and mechanical cannot be gay. It is all the Dance of Life. What of it if our fathers would have called it rather the Dance of Death? What did our fathers know? They took life seriously, while we know that it is all a huge, inexplicable joke. If to-morrow we die, what of it? To-day we jazz. Yet in his score Mr. Carpenter has never allowed himself to become the slave of jazz for its own sake. Jazz to him is but a part of the pattern, and at times his music even possesses melodic beauty. There were some who held that this was a weakness, that these moments were false to the spirit of the whole. Perhaps. Yet even in the hectic life of the mob there are moments of regret for the past, perhaps a vision, too, of a calmer future.

Mr. Jones has done nothing better in his career than the fantastic scenery he evolved for the ballet. It was futuristic and yet always in character. It was not mere scenery for the sake of scenery. The dancing, too, was admirable, especially the three solo dancers imported from vaudeville. And for once the Metropolitan's *corps de ballet* seemed to dance as if it enjoyed itself. With the departure of conventional operatic ballet posturings, the young women threw themselves into the proceedings with an abandon which they never before had given the slightest signs of possessing. For years the ballet at the Metropolitan has been the despair of all who love the art of the dance. It has not been because the dancers cannot dance, but because dancing seemed to bore them unutterably. Year in and year out they have gone through their paces as if it were a duty. While their legs kept time to the music, their minds seemed intent on higher things. But in *Skyscrapers* they suddenly came to life. No longer was dancing for them a species of religious ritual. It was something frankly animal which they enjoyed in every fiber of their bodies.

THE two new operas of the month were distinctly disappointing. We had looked forward to seeing in Señor De Falla's *La Vida Breva* something which would express in a fresh fashion the spirit which is Spain. What we saw was a very slow moving opera which, despite its Spanish rhythms, was distinctly in the modern Italian manner. The only really enjoyable feature was the singing and acting of Miss Lucrezia Bori, who did her utmost to rescue from boredom the work of her fellow countryman. Yet Señor De Falla is a composer of unusual quality, as has been shown by his orchestral pieces recently heard in New York. *La Vida Breva* was written a number of years ago, and it is evident that at that time the young composer hadn't found himself. It is a work of youth, and as such it must be judged.

Unfortunately no such excuse can be offered for Stravinsky's *Le Rossignol,* which is a fairly recent work of the Russian composer. As an opera, despite the extraordinary mastery of orchestral effects which Stravinsky always shows, it was dull to a degree, a feeble echo of Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Le Coq d'Or.* In its orchestral elaboration the simple charm of Hans Christian Anderson's story was completely lost, buried under an excess of useless ornament. Once more Stravinsky proved to be not a creator, but only a diabolically clever technician. The performance was adequate, with Miss Marion Talley as the Nightingale.

Jazz has entered the portals of the Metropolitan, a tempered and glorified jazz, with all the spirit of the native product—*Skyscrapers*, by John Alden Carpenter. Its theme, a fantasy of the high-tension work and unbridled play of the city—flashing red lights, shadowy crowds, gangs of laborers swinging sledges in the glare of welding. Exotic Coney Island—side-shows, merry-go-rounds, holiday-making workers strut and "Charleston" in abandon. And to an orchestral clamor a new work-day has begun. The scenic designs, by Robert Edmond Jones, daze and delight the eye

"SKYSCRAPERS"—VIBRATES AT THE METROPOLITAN

An impressionistic background for the new jazz success that has invaded the only home of the Opera

(Sketch by Ernest N. Townsend)

In this familiar picture, showing Augustin Daly reading a play to his company, everything is as it should be—and isn't. The autocrat of the American stage of his day reads aloud while his actors, nicely grouped about his august person, listen respectfully. John Drew and Ada Rehan are seen seated in the first rank, with old Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis just behind them. The picture appealed enormously to Richard Mansfield's sense of humor, so, in San Francisco in 1892, he burlesqued it with the members of his own company, all of whom, as seen below, fall into a deep slumber as the star unfolds the beauties of the manuscript

As Beau Brummel

As Alceste in *The Misanthrope*

As Richard III

Exterior of the Mansfield Theatre, New York City, named after the famous actor, and opened Feb. 15

As Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

NEW YORK HONORS THE MEMORY OF RICHARD MANSFIELD

Splendid new playhouse will perpetuate the fame of America's celebrated actor

A Child's Memory of the Boston Theatre

Recollections of Edwin Forrest, Wilkes Booth and Other Players of the Early Sixties

By A. F. NORCROSS

WHEN I was quite a little girl, my father's house in Boston was constantly filled with players, all the famous actors of the day being among his intimate friends.

EDWIN BOOTH
Famous Hamlet and America's most beloved actor

We lived on Beacon Hill for a few years and then moved to Chauncey Street. To the latter house Edwin Forrest and his *fidus achates,* James Oakes, often came. So did Emily Mestayer and her two sons, Billy and Charlie, and her brother Louis, who was leading man at the Boston Museum. Other frequent visitors at our home were Charles R. Thorne, Sr., and his wife—who was also a Mestayer—and their boys: Charlie Thorne, who was destined to become the most famous leading man of his time; his brother Edward and the children—Grace, who was Charlie's daughter by his first wife, and Bessie, William's daughter, who died in India. The Thornes at that time were living with Amelia Fisher on Bulfinch Place, where William Warren lived so long. Edwin Booth dropped in and out with Mr. Warren, and it was no unusual thing to find Wilkes Booth, the slayer of President Lincoln, curled up in a chair devouring some book from my father's library.

GRANDMOTHER Mestayer attended every matinée and always took me with her. We sat well down front, where I could view my favorites with discriminating eye. The play at the Boston Museum was the *Forty Thieves,* and Emily Mestayer was the girl found in the cave. Very much to my chagrin, Charlie Thorne was one of the ruffians. He had a rope and was tying her to a tree or stake in the center of the cave, when I called out: "Don't you dare tie my Aunt Emily!" He held the two ends of the rope up in his hands and said quietly, "She is not tied," and I was satisfied. In the same play Charlie was to be shot, and I cried out in a voice that rang through the theatre: "Don't shoot Charlie!"

LOUIS MESTAYER
Leading man at the Boston Museum in the '60s

Nothing could be said to this, but the next morning, when Wilkes Booth appeared for his usual prowl around the library, I slid down the banister, my favorite first entrance, to meet him. He caught me in his arms, set me up on the newel post and proceeded to correct the error of my ways.

"It was only play shooting," he laughed.

Living the quiet, decent lives actors did in those halcyon days, our daily existence knew nothing of the feverish rush and hectic excitement at present deemed an indispensable part of stage life. There were no sensational supper parties, no jazz restaurants or *risqué* cabarets, no flimsily draped shimmey dancing or unsavory divorce scandals. Entrance into the divorce court was considered degrading. People who could not live together separated, each going his or her own way and living an independent life. The old theatrical families were as much in a class by themselves as the smart set and fully as exclusive, and they intermarried as royalty is supposed to do, only love was usually a factor in the combination. They were temperamental, as they are to-day, only they did not use that word. They sometimes married young and were often mismated. But they did not fly to the divorce court without good cause, and although gossipy tongues were sometimes let loose, there were no open scandals. There were no pink teas and no one had yet attempted to "elevate the drama."

THE Howard Athenæum was at that time one of the finest theatres in the city. The building had been constructed to accommodate a congregation of believers called Millerites, from the name of their leader, who were expecting the end of the world to happen in such a way that they would not have to go through the trouble of dying, but would be merely translated. To help the good cause along, they adorned themselves in long flowing robes of white and ascended to the roof, waiting for the procession to move. They stayed there all day and night, but the power to ascend did not come to them, neither did the heavens open like a ball of light to receive them, so the draggled and unkempt crowd wearily descended to take up again the burden of life.

The management of the theatre was in the hands of E. L. Davenport, the distinguished actor and tragedian. Mrs. E. L. Davenport was playing the leading female rôle. The Boston Theatre took the lead, as it always has, with the Boston Museum running a close second. The West End being easily accessible to these theatres, and the actors remarkably clannish in their preferences of a mode of living, most of them dwelt in that vicinity.

The Davenports and Frank Aiken were on Pinckney Street, Emily Mestayer was at Mrs. May's on Allston Street, where Kate Denin lived when she eloped with John Wilson. The Thorne family were on Bulfinch Place at Miss Amelia Fisher's, and Edwin Booth and his brother, John Wilkes, were also there. Mr. William Warren was occupying the same suite of rooms where he had lived so many years.

The winters spent at the West End are full of happy memories. At Amelia Fisher's was a jolly houseful, and the rafters of the old residence often rang to peals of merry laughter. Miss Fisher was a dear, prim little soul and the godmother of us all. Late Saturday night everybody repaired to the kitchen, for all good actors eat before they sleep. Mr. Warren sat at the head of the table and saw that everybody was waited upon. That magical old kitchen, with its floor covered with bright-colored, braided rugs; the flour-barrel dressed in flowered chintz and looking like a buxom Dinah going out to a dance; the pans and collendars hanging in sedate rows and shining as only well-behaved tins know how to shine; the highly polished stove, in which the comedian jokingly pretended to see his face as in a mirror, and the kettle boiling and singing, as an accompaniment to the merry jest and repartee that went round the busy table.

EDWIN FORREST
The most dominating figure our stage has known

WILKES BOOTH was extremely popular with everybody. Simple and democratic, he joked with everyone he came in contact with, even the girls in the laundry where he left his collars and cuffs. They always saw to it that Mr. Booth's package was ready when he came for it, and vied with each other as to who should have the honor of delivering it. He joked with the cabmen at the stand corner of the Tremont House. He loved a jest and in his quiet, quizzical way made friends everywhere. Unfortunately he was a Wilkes, through and through, and his unhappy heritage was bound to undo him.

Charlie Thorne, our handsome leading man, would make love to a graven image. He had the same courteous, fascinating manners for a child of five, a girl of seventeen or a woman of his own years, so it was no wonder that there was a trail of broken hearts in his wake. We forgave men of his type much for their exuberance and vitality. They were handsome and clever and full of life. They lived and loved.

EMILY MESTAYER
Popular leading woman at the Boston Museum

The actors who came into my life were home-loving, domestic people. Undoubtedly many are so now, in spite of the florid stories of the ubiquitous, imaginative press-agent. Actors are impressionable and sometimes marry in haste and so are not mated, but when well-mated, they work

(*Continued on page* 72)

Broadway Laughs

Amusing Wise Cracks Culled from the World of the Theatre

By EDWARD E. KIDDER

WILL ROGERS grew reminiscent. Somewhat sadly he said: I was doing my old rope-twisting act, trimmed with gags, in a big city a short time ago and our business was enormous, even with a circus against us! I shan't name our show, for I know how Ziegfeld hates to be advertised! At the hotel dinner-table a snappy-looking little woman sized me up and asked:

"Aren't you a professional?"

Unlike Andrew Johnson, I admitted the soft impeachment!

She smiled and said:

"So am I! I'm with the circus. What's your line?"

"Rope."

She fairly beamed.

"That's my line, too. Tight rope or slack rope?"

"Slack," I said. "Oh, very slack!"

She shook her head.

"Tight rope's the best. You can do so much more. I heard about a Frenchman named Blondin who crossed Niagara Falls on a tight rope in 1859. He cooked his dinner, ate it and went to bed, all on the rope!"

"That's nothing," said I. "I get my dinner, my bed and everything off *my* rope every night!"

She gazed at me in amazement. "Gee! What time do you go on?"

"Nine-thirty."

"Well," she gasped, "I can just make it!" She looked me over. "Your face don't seem to fit in with tights and spangles."

I nodded. "You're right. It don't."

"P'raps you come on as a tramp and then strip."

I blushed. "Ziegfeld hasn't asked me to do that yet!"

She seemed peeved.

"Don't be such a silly Juggins! I mean strip from rags to a gymnast's suit. The old Pete Jenkins act!"

She gulped her coffee and rose. "I'm sorry you've got the circus against you."

"Circuses don't hurt us," I said. "We're all sold out for the week. We eat circuses for breakfast and sometimes for lunch when we're not very hungry!"

She laughed and said: "You're Joshua Joskins, all right! I'm crazy to see your act. I can just make it with a taxi."

She was gone and I felt a little ashamed. More so, when I heard after the performance, that a circus woman had "raised Cain" in the lobby, saying she'd been swindled and demanding the return of her perfectly good three dollars! I figured up the cost of her ticket and her taxi and had five dollars laid under her plate in an envelope. But I ate outside the rest of the week.

IT seems only the other day that the Klaw and Erlanger initials, "K. and E.," were as potent in the amusement world as Roosevelt's "T. R." were in the political.

The firm's interests were wide-spread, and if they drove stiff bargains so did their competitors when they could.

I was in Abraham Lincoln Erlanger's office one day when the manager of a "road" company breezed in ("breezed" is the word) and inquired:

"Abe, when are you going to give us that New York booking? We're doing big on the road."

"Really?"

"I'll say so! Why, we played Rochester last night to nine hundred and fifty-five dollars."

The visitor lit a cigar. ("Abe" has fine cigars, I hear. I don't smoke, once was enough for me.) And while this was happening, Erlanger quietly drew a sheaf of papers from his desk.

"How much did you say you played to in Rochester last night?"

"Nine hundred and fifty-five," answered the visitor, "and they're just crazy to have us back."

Then came the "knock-out"!

"Our agent in Rochester," smiled the urbane Abraham, "wires that you played to four hundred and nine dollars, and that it was a poor show! As my brother, the Judge, would ask, 'Are you trying to put something over on the court?'"

Then the visitor suddenly remembered, like the gentleman in the Bab Ballads, that he "had business at the bank."

I WAS dining at an Italian restaurant some years ago where they served superb spaghetti, but were very weak on music.

As the orchestra struck up the "Salve Dimora" and a protean waiter began to sing it, a voice coming from the rear of the room joined in.

Such a voice!

So sweet, so powerful, so artistic, so thrilling that, moved by one impulse, musicians and waiter paused in their mediocre work, while the newcomer carried the air through to its exquisite conclusion.

And then came the thunderous applause, the violinists beating on their instruments with their bows, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, the men rushing toward the gifted singer with congratulations.

But he only lowered his head in closer communion with the spaghetti and soon afterward disappeared.

It was Signor Italio Campanini, the great tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House!

A CONVERSATION at the stage door of a small-town Southern theatre between a clergyman and a stage-hand, both colored, overheard by Nat Goodwin:

"Eph Washington, you is a disgrace workin' in a theaytre, never go to church, never been baptise."

"Oh, parson, I was."

"You never was."

"Parson, you jest wait 'til I pull up dis yere curtain! I'll show you de scar on my arm where I was baptise!"

MOST of us will recall Sidney Carton's beautiful speech in *A Tale of Two Cities,* when he gives up his life on the guillotine to save another. "It is a far better thing that I do than I have ever done."

On this subject Edward Paulton, the dramatist, held forth thus:

Two English workmen meet.

"'Ello, Bill; heard yer was at *The Only Way* last night. 'Ow did yer like it?" (This was the title of the play taken from Dickens Story.)

"Oh, good enough! But that there Martin 'Arvey is too conceited."

"Conceited! My word! 'Ow d'ye make that out?"

"Why, when the show was near over, strike me pink if he didn't climb up on a platform an' say to the audience:

"'This is the best thing I ever did!'

"That was for *us* to say, not for *'im.*"

A CERTAIN old-time manager, the scion of a very wealthy Jewish family here, hoping to push a rather unknown actor into prominence, booked him at the old Windsor Theatre in the Bowery.

His horrified Fifth Avenue relatives summoned him and expostulated.

"De Bowery? Bah! You don't know your business, Gus! You should play at Lester Vallack's!"

JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS and his wife were traveling some years ago with a company where salaries were very shy and business bad, so that the actors and actresses besought the manager in vain for a few dollars.

On one occasion they had to make a long "jump" and stopped off at a very large and very gaudy hotel for a meal. Everyone "on their own."

The combined cash of "Jeff" and his wife was just sixty cents. (I believe they have a little more now.) And as they were pondering, like the students in the "one-fish-ball" tragedy just what their sixty cents would do, with thoughts centered on Irish stew, they were startled by the entrance of their manager, with a chorus girl on each arm.

The trio seated themselves at an adjacent table and the manager, not seeing De Angelis, ordered thus:

"Three gumbo soups, three broiled squabs, alligator-pear salad, three caramel custards, a bottle of Burgundy and three demi-tasses."

This was too much for "Jeff," with four weeks' salary due. So he dragged his wife over to the manager's table, took two seats and hissed with an air that Dick Turpin might have envied:

"Make that order for five, Ed!" And five it became.

(*Continued on page* 74)

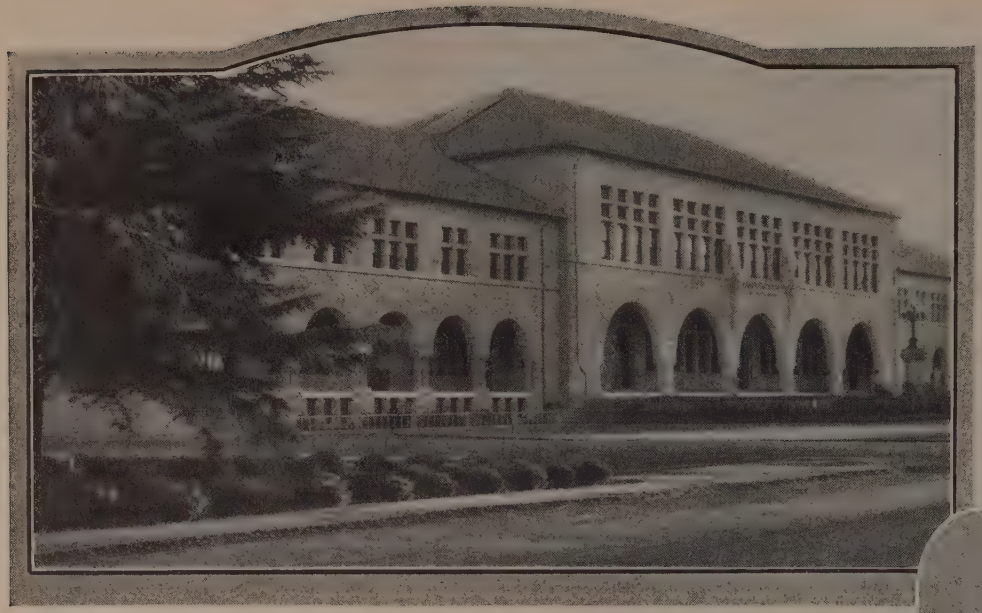
THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

"FORTUNO," THE TRIANGLE CLUB'S LATEST PRODUCTION

Princeton is again to the fore with a merry, dashing musical comedy entitled *Fortuno*—entirely the product of undergraduate talent. Seventeen distinguished athletes appeared in the show, which played to 40,000 people over a 4,000-mile circuit. *In the upper illustration:* Avery Sherry doing his ballet specialty, assisted by John Langhorne, with Waller B. Booth diverting the audience. *Below:* "Tying a Knot That's Not a Knot"—an amusing number in *Fortuno* with some of the principals, including Irwin W. Thompson as the preacher, John C. Taylor as the lady and John Langhorne as the "victim"

Franklin Gary and Irwin Thompson "clowning" in *Fortuno*



Assembly Hall, which houses the University Theatre at Stanford University—the scene of many important and highly successful productions

Gordon Davis, Director of Dramatics and Assistant Professor of English at Stanford University. Mr. Davis has infused his work with a rare blend of idealism, and his practical knowledge has raised the standard of productions at Stanford to almost professional excellence

DRAMATIC TRAINING IN OUR COLLEGES

A Quarter Century of Drama at Stanford University

A NEW ferment in Stanford dramatics has come to make the theatre of that university more alive, more challenging and more eventful than ever before in its history. To-day, by combining the discipline and efficiency of the professional stage with the ideals and freedom of the amateur, the Stanford season of drama occupies a dominant position in the activities of that university. Although a surprisingly large number of plays are presented every year, nevertheless each production is done seriously and with peculiar thoroughness, for Stanford's cardinal dramatic ideal is to give each audience "a good show, properly done." Thus, by doing justice to the audience and to the dramatist, students who work in any capacity in Stanford productions are educated to the best in drama and trained to professional methods of efficient production.

The process of evolution has been a slow one. It really started back in the days of dusky minstrelsy, when the Irwin boys—Wallace and Will—held the boards with impromptu bills at Encina gymnasium and extended through the crudities of the college "show" period. In contrast with those days, it is significant that Stanford productions last year played to an audience of nearly twenty thousand people drawn to the university theatre by the drama itself and not by any local appeal.

But the first decade of dramatic efforts was not made up entirely of trivialities. Holbrook Blinn's stage ambitions first blossomed in campus plays during his undergraduate days, and Maxwell Anderson, first as a graduate student working on his master's thesis and later as an instructor in the department of English, created traditions for later college generations. There are other names which were conspicuous in the past—Maude Howell, Arthur Hohl, Margaret Borough, Florence Mason, Nina Moise, Charles Kenyon, Paul Hunt, Earl House, Katherine Emmett, Katherine Gilman, Lester Vail and Dickson Morgan. Motion-picture work has claimed Waldemar Young, Dennison Clift and Kate Corbaley.

Even in the early days of the university there were memorable plays. Among these were the unique and scholarly rendition of *Antigone* in Greek and the presentation of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle, Everyman in His Humor, Sherwood* and later *The Yellow Jacket* and *Justice.*

Thus a background replete with august traditions peculiarly stimulated play-giving at Stanford. But unfortunately the opportunities proved too tempting to the few independent dramatic societies which each year "gave a show," and before long their general dramatic fare was made up of "Broadway successes" of previous seasons, whereby enthusiastic young business managers hoped to reap large financial rewards for their organizations.

BUT the creative energy of a large proportion of the student body found no outlet in trashy plays indifferently produced, and a generation of older men, returning from the war to complete their studies, saw the shallowness of the drama at Stanford and at the same time glimpsed the possibilities of a new era of dramatics.

Gordon Davis, for whom the position of Director of Dramatics at the university was created, was one of these. A rare blend of idealism and thorough practical knowledge of his profession enabled him to evolve order out of the chaos of the old system and to lift the standard of dramatic production to a plane of general excellence that astonishes the visitor to the Stanford campus. He brings to the position a mastery of stage technique gained from years of acting and directing experience on the professional stage. He is a college man himself and Assistant Professor of English at Stanford. With such a background he is ideally suited to head college dramatics. Frequent sojourns in New York and abroad, either as an active worker or student, enables him constantly to bring back to Stanford the best in the modern theatre. He is a young man who has definitely and enthusiastically chosen to stand with the theatre in the university.

PREVIOUS to the present régime the production of various plays, which were traditional on the campus, was handled directly by various dramatic societies and class committees. A coach from San Francisco was hired as director, and the play was entirely in the control of the members of the group. Proceeds from the performance were used to pay off debts of the club or class. As a consequence this "clique control" resulted in uneven standards of play selection, casting and production.

Artistic and financial stability and the abandonment of "clique control" were Gordon Davis' first objectives in a new plan for dramatics. Accordingly, in 1920 he organized, as far as we know, the first Dramatic Council at an American university. As it is now constituted, the Council, representing all producing groups, consists of the Director of Dramatics, who serves as chairman; the Vice-President of the Associated Students, the General Manager of the university, one faculty representative, the dramatic business manager and one member elected at large from the student body. It exercises complete control over all theatricals in the university theatre and all profits go into a central dramatic sinking fund. Thus ample funds are available to purchase modern stage equipment, *et cetera*. But, what is more valuable, the Council is thus able to encourage an ever-widening scope of dramatic activity in a practical and substantial manner.

A revival of *Fashion* at Stanford University. (*In the inset*) The quaint curtain in the manner of the 1860's, used in the production of *Fashion*, designed by Leslie Kiler and executed by members of the Theatre Workshop class

ONE of the results has been further development of its organization. A technical and art staff, under the direction of Leslie Kiler and Chrysella Dunker Kiler, assumes complete control over the stagecraft of all productions. Between 75 and 100 students are receiving practical training each quarter (the academic year is divided into four quarters at Stanford) in the Dramatic Council's business, stage design, electrical, publicity and other departments; and through a competitive try-out system technical assistants are able to become department executives in their junior or senior year. Thus the whole field of the theatre is so organized that it is wide open to student competition. Theatre Workshop 121, organized four years ago by Gordon Davis, enables the student of the drama to enroll in comprehensive laboratory work, receiving instruction in both theory and practice.

A sound and far-sighted producing organization and a wise and catholic selection of plays before long made the university theatre a drama center. This has brought a wide-spread response from the faculty, students and the surrounding community. Last year Gordon Davis began the season with the Capek drama, *R. U. R.*, and ended with an outdoor presentation of *Agamemnon*. But in between came *Dulcy*, *The Torch-bearers*, *You and I*, *Macbeth*, *Polly with a Past*, *Hell-Bent fer Heaven*, *Dear Brutus* and three student-written musical revues. In the preceding season his varied bills included *Androcles and the Lion*, *Icebound*, *The Dover Road*, *Œdipus Rex* and four other plays.

THE dominant position the drama occupies at Stanford is shown by student participation. It is a common occurrence for 300 or more men and women to try out for the acting parts in a single play. This has resulted in unusually adequate casting.

Opportunities to direct are also present for the student, and finally, in addition to the dramatic organization, the university offers literary and research courses in the drama. They include instruction in acting, voice training, diction, history of the drama, play-writing, and courses for teachers as well as for the student body.

NORRIS E. JAMES.

Set for *The Charm School*, designed by Chrysella Dunker of Gordon Davis' Theatre Workshop class and executed by the members of the class. This class designs and executes all the sets for the dramatic and musical productions of the college year

FASHION

AS INTERPRETED BY STAGE WOMEN

Photos
Irving Chidnoff

Miss Alice Brady selected this Kasha cape coat and gros-grain-ribbon hat from Knox for her Spring wardrobe and her shoes from Hanan & Son

"The Etiquette," a comfortable walking pump of oval grey kid, with medium-height Spanish heel

"Sport Gore Pump" of tan calfskin with Highland tongue and saddle of smoked horse leather, with non-slip rubber sole

"The Belle" is of Sauterne kid, with straps and heel covers of toquet lizard

An afternoon pump of Sauterne kid, trimmed with bands of snake and snake-covered Spanish heel

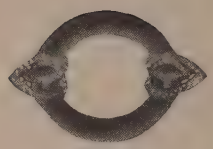
"The Golfer" is of tan sport calfskin, with smoked horse-leather saddle and crêpe-rubber sole

Bathing suit from Saks & Company

Posed by Miss Helen Ford

Quite a novelty is shown on this page—a creation of I. B. Kleinert Rubber Company—the new Kaigan rubber coat, bathing hat and parasol to match, which made quite a furor in Palm Beach and will be the rage on the beaches this Summer. The parasol is not only a protector against the rays of the sun, but is large enough to carry the entire bathing outfit, wet or dry

Photos Irving Chidnoff



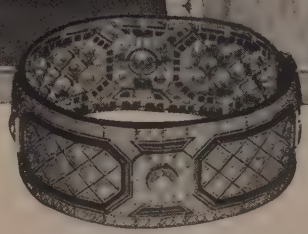
This brooch is a crystal ring, mounted with delicate design of diamonds

This gorgeous imported bridal gown and veil of real Duchess lace, valued at $1,500, was recently shown at the Arnold Constable Spring Fashion Show

Suggestions for wedding presents for bride and bridegroom from Black, Starr and Frost

A complete dress set of black onyx, surrounded with brilliants

An unusual gold cigarette case, with hinge opening on one side



A beautiful diamond-and-onyx flexible bracelet of exquisite workmanship, one inch wide

Gloria Swanson "Discovers" a French Designer, New to America

René Hubert, the young French designer whom Gloria Swanson has imported from Paris to design and create her gowns for the screen as well as for her personal wear

GLORIA SWANSON, in private life, the Marquise de la Falaise, is as usual, in the vanguard of motion picture stars, when clothes are the question of the moment. She is a type all her own and realizing the need for distinctive frocks created especially for her, she has brought over from Paris, René Hubert, a young designer who creates the ultra smart frocks and accessories which Miss Swanson wears on the screen and in private life.

A new phase in the motion pictures demands that stars must dress their parts true to life. A society woman on the screen must be gowned as would her counterpart in real life. Gone are the overdressed ladies of the screen world, and in their place emerges the star with gowns created and designed especially to enhance her particular charms.

In an interview M. Hubert expressed his keen admiration for the American woman, but he believes that she has not attained her highest possibilities in dress, because she has only recently begun to study her type and gown herself accordingly.

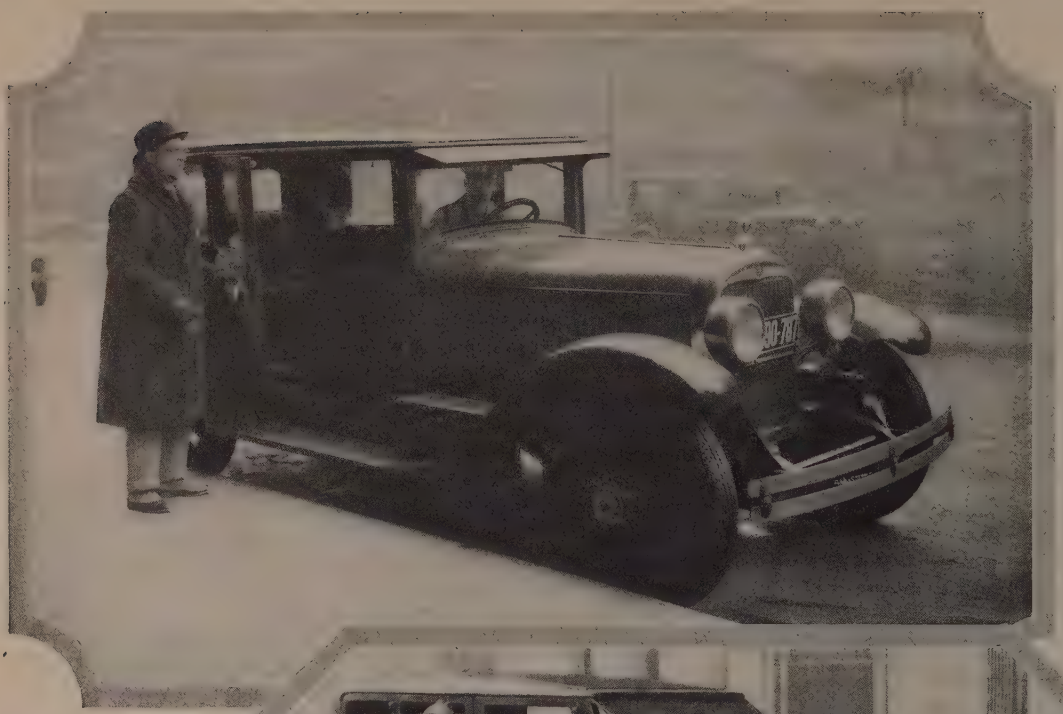
M. Hubert's creations are thoroughly Parisian, but at the same time striking in their simplicity, and we are told he is the first fashion creator to enjoy a "fan" mail. He is well known in Paris, having been connected with the Revue Theatre, the Palace, Ambassadeurs, and the Concert Mayol where he designed many of the most successful tableaux.

"The Black Elephant," gray taffeta, with black taffeta and silver lace, combine to make this one of the most charming of all Miss Swanson's personal gowns, with, of course, the tiny black elephant striking the decorative note

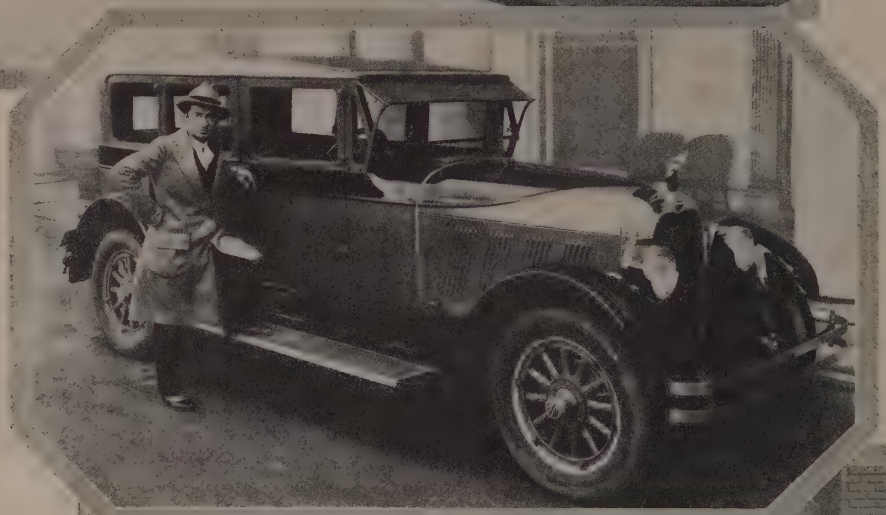
"Tea for Two." When the Marquise de la Falaise would a-teaing go—what more fascinating than this frock of black taffeta with its vest of white crêpe georgette? The chic little hat is of the same black-and-white combination

Center: "Sea Gull," a combination of gray broadcloth and white flannel with a black kid belt encircling the waist, depends for its smartness upon simplicity of line and detail.

"Andalusia." In this unusual street frock Hubert has used blue silk poplin for the skirt and jacket, against the background of a white blouse embroidered in vivid green, red, yellow and gold, with a red leather belt striking the color note



Posing exclusively for the THEATRE MAGAZINE, Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," stands with pride in front of his Cadillac, a V-63 Imperial. He keeps one at his home in Great Neck and uses one on his road tours. His newest car hums along on wire wheels and balloon tires

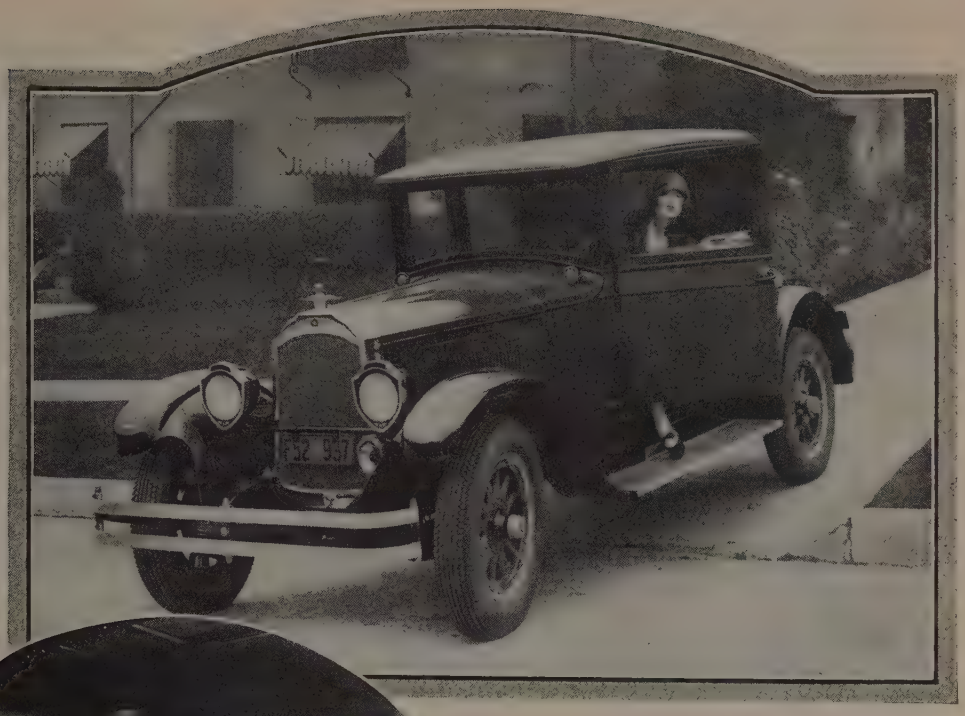


Combining art and beauty, Jan Rubini, one of the foremost concert violinists in America, is a most enthusiastic and loyal owner of a low, maroon and chocolate-brown-colored Auburn eight sedan. Flying from one concert hall to another, he knows many advantages of owning an Auburn, a few being its 129-inch wheel base, custom-built body and warm, easy mohair upholstery

Winsome and smiling Ethelind Terry turns around to boast of her newest luxury, a long, graceful Marmon speedster. This beautiful bird on the road holds two couples very comfortably and makes even Sunday driving a pleasure

SPRING BRINGS THOUGHTS OF AUTOMOBILES

The swiftly gliding runabout, sedan or coupé—all harmonize perfectly with the warm, balmy days



The popular and vivacious Mrs. Jack Dempsey, better known as Estelle Taylor, adds enjoyment to beauty in Hollywood by sailing over the perfect roads in her Willys-Knight great six coupé

Naughty Riquette will soon be here and so will its star, Mitzi. Then Broadway will long for a peep behind drawn curtains in a specially constructed National sedan that carries Mitzi, who loses no time in her ride from her home to the theatre, but has built inside the car a dressing-table with all manner of make-up. So lightly does the National skim over the roads that the vibration is almost nil

Lady Diana Manners would choose no other car but the one bearing her name. And this most graceful Diana de luxe sedan is proud of its owner. Touring from city to city in "The Miracle," the eight cylinders in line, the new and improved steering gear and the four-wheel lockhead hydraulic brakes make the road engagements a pleasure

Oh, the joy of being a movie actor! This is the beautiful house, not that Jack built, but which Charles Ray lives in. A striking exterior, lending grace to the flowing curves of the unique toit

Strolling amid the luxuriant foliage of his garden, the popular screen star finds that crystal waters reflect truer images than ever film portrayed

Do screen comedians ever tire? We'll say they do. But who cares about fatigue with such a perfect spot for an afternoon siesta, 'neath California skies and sunshine peeping through the trees?

A PLAYER'S HOME IN SUNNY HOLLYWOOD

A dwelling house of distinctive appointments where Charles Ray, the favorite comedian of the films, finds peace and quiet in his luxurious surroundings, said to be the most elaborate of the film colony

The Packard Six five-passenger Sedan is illustrated. Its cost is $2585 at Detroit, tax added

THE PACKARD MILE COSTS LESS

The average Packard owner drives his car nearly three times as far as the owner of the car most often traded in for a Packard Six.

The depreciation cost per mile is actually more on such cars than on the Packard Six and operating and maintenance charges are never any less.

If it costs less to own a Packard by the mile and no more to run it, why should any one be without its beauty, its comfort and its distinction.

The Packard mile does cost less and does give more than any other mile.

Why be without it when the Packard Six may be bought for a thousand dollars less than most men think, and on a budget plan that seldom calls for monthly payments in excess of $150.

PACKARD

Ask The Man Who Owns One

The Recent Plays

Cyrano De Bergerac. English version in verse by Brian Hooker. Heroic comedy in five acts. Staged by Walter Hampden, at Hampden's Theatre, with this cast:

Cyrano De Bergerac, Walter Hampden; Christion De Neuvillette, Charles Francis; Comte De Guiche, Maurice Colbourne; Ragueneau, Cecil Yapp; Le Bret, Ernest Rowan; Ligniere, William Sauter; Carbon De Castel-Jaloux, Hart Jenks; Vicomte De Valvert, Reynolds Evans; A Marquis, Thomas F. Tracey; Another Marquis, Gorden Hart; Montfleury, John Alexander; Bellerose, Antonio Salerno; Jodelet, Le Roi Operti; Cuigy, Frank Colletti; Brissaille, Albert West; A Busybody, P. J. Kelly; A Musketeer, John Alexander; D'Artagan, Louis Polan; A Spanish Officer, Howard Galt; Cavaliers, Bernard Savage, Brice Disque, Jr.; A Porter, J. Plumpton Wilson; A Man, Marcel Dill; Another Man, Murray Darcy; A Guardsman, Philip Wood; A Citizen, Hart Jenks; His Son, Parker Mills; A Pickpocket, Cedric Weller; Betrandou, the Fifer, J. Plumpton Wilson; A Capuchin, P. J. Kelley.

Devils. A drama in three acts by Daniel N. Rubin. Presented by William A. Brady, Jr., and Dwight Deere Wiman, at the Maxine Elliott, with this cast:

Amos Givens, Reed Brown; Hannah Givens, Jeannette Adair; Sarah Dibble, Helen Cromwell; Mr. Marion, Franck Jameson; Mr. Stone, Paul Stanton; Joel Givens, David Landau; Matthew Dibble, John Cromwell; Peter Higdon, Eugene Keith; Eph, Louis Mason; Jennie, Ruth Mero.

East Lynne. A play in three acts by Mrs. Henry Wood. Directed by James Light and Stanley Howlett, at the Greenwich Village Theatre, with this cast:

Miss Cornelia Carlyle, Marie Pavey; Mr. Dill, Allen W. Nagle; Joyce, Louise Lorimer; Archibald Carlyle, Charles Fleming; Lady Isabel, Madame Vine, Mary Blair; Richard Hare, Edgar Stehli; Barbara Hare, Edna James; Justice Hare, Allen W. Nagle; Wilson, Barbara Benedict; Lord Mount Severn, Allen W. Nagle; Sir Francis Levison, Stanley Howlett; Little William, Dorothee Nolan; Officer, John Moran.

Find Daddy. Farce by Tadema Bussiere. Staged by Rollo Loyd, at the Ritz Theatre, with this cast:

Beth Todd, Dorothy Peterson; Jane Potter, Enid Markey; Chauffer, Hubert Farjeon; Serge Street, Louis Kimball; Jerry Todd, Horace Braham; Russell Morgan, Charles Irwin; Vera Morgan, Mabel Acker; Larry Wood, Paul Kelly; Ethel Wood, Peggy Allenby; Motorcycle Officer, Ross Savilla.

Ghosts. A play in three acts by Henrik Ibsen. Staged by Dudley Digges, at the Actors' Theatre, with this cast:

Mrs. Helen Alving, Lucille Watson; Oswald Alving, Jose Ruben; Pastor Manders, Edward Fielding; Regina Engstrand, Hortense Alden; Jacob Engstrand, J. M. Kerrigan.

The Three Acts of the Play Take Place at Mrs. Alving's Country House in Western Norway.

Hush Money. A melodrama in three acts by Alfred G. Jackson and Mann Page. Staged by William B. Friedlander, at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, with this cast:

Adolph "Santa" Klaus, George E. Mack; Potter, Edward Charles Conway; Brock Morgan, Richard Gordon; Duke Dexter, Calvin Thomas; Mrs. Rudolph Wurzman, Cora Witherspoon; Mrs. Arthur Davison, Gladys Wilson; Enrico Del Vio, Joseph Lertora; "Smiler," G. Davidson Clarke; Judge Forrest, Frederick Burton; Kathleen Forrest, Justine Johnston; Harry Bentley, Kenneth Thomson; Gertie McGonigle, Ruth Lee; McCarthy, Sam Galpher.

Juno and the Paycock. A play in three acts by Sean O'Casey. Directed by Augustin Duncan, at the Mayfair Theatre, with this cast:

"Captain" Jack Boyle, Augustin Duncan; Juno Boyle, Louise Randolph; Johnny Boyle, Barry Macollum; Mary Boyle, Isabel Stuart Hill; "Joxer" Daly, Claude Cooper; Mrs. Maisie Madigan, Eleanor Daniels; "Needle" Nugent, Ralph Cullinan Mrs. Tancred, Kate McComb; A Neighbor, Mildred McCoy; Jerry Devine, Lewis Martin; Charlie Bentham, Charles Webster; An Irregular Mobilizer, J. Augustus Keogh; An Irregular, Wallace House; A Sewing-machine Man, G. O. Taylor; A Coal-block Vendor, Emmet O'Reilly; A Furniture-removal Man, G. O. Taylor; His Helper, Emmet O'Reilly.

Mama Loves Papa. Comedy in three acts by Jack McGowan and Mann Page. Staged by John Hayden, at the Forrest Theatre, with this cast:

Pop, John Ravold; Nan Turner, Sara Sothern; Gene Drake, William Roselle; Fred Harrington, John E. Hazzard; Margie Drake, Helen Broderick; Joe Turner, Lorin Raker; Jim, Spencer Bentley; Sonny Whitmore, Robert Emmett Keane; Mills, Albert Tovell; Mlle. Desiree, Zola Talma; Julie, Alice Dunn; Henry, Frank Milan; Louise, Claire Hooper; Ruth, Ann Martin; Tod, John C. White.

Masque of Venice. Comedy in three acts by George Dunning Gribble. Staged by Brock Pemberton, at the Mansfield Theatre, with this cast:

Annunziata, Nera Badalin; Jonathan Mumford, Arnold Daly; Egeria Selena Royle; Joshua Cox, Osgood Perkins; Madge Cox, Elizabeth Taylor; Don Pedro, Wilfrid Seagram; Jack Cazeneuve, Kenneth Mackenna; Sophia Elphinstone Weir, Antoinette Perry.

Ninety Horse-power. A comedy in three acts by Francis De Witt. Staged by Walter Wilson, at the Ritz Theatre, with this cast:

Anita Loring, Allyn King; Mrs. Charles Loring, Helen Lackaye; Lady Victoria Fairleigh, Violet Dean; Major Cecil, Gerard Willshire; Charles Loring, Guy Hitner; Reginald Manners, Bruce Elmore; Robbins, Robert W. Lawrence; Smith, Ramsey Wallace.

Not Herbert. Comedy in four acts by Howard Irving Young. Staged at the Fifty-second Street Theatre by Edwin Maxwell with this cast:

Fletcher, Neil Pratt; Tracy Sutton, Raymond Bramley; Cynthia Alden, Norma Millay; Ruth Webster, Karen Peterson; Herbert Alden, Clarke Silvernail; Bertha Aden, Clara Palmer; Stephen Alden, William Corbett; Fanshaw, A. S. Byron; Polly, Ruth Gates; George, James T. Morey; Mrs. Blaine, Helene Mitchel; Jim, Manuel A. Alexander.

Nirvana. Play in three acts by John Howard Lawson. Staged by Robert Peel Noble, at the Greenwich Village Theatre March 3, with this cast:

Dr. Alonzo Weed, Crane Wilbur; Miss Prendergast, Elise Bartlett; Bill Weed, Earle Larimore; Holz, Aldrich Bowker; Janet Milgrim, Juliette Crosby; Priscilla Emerson, Marcia Byron; Aunt Bertha, Edith Shayne; Rev. Dr. Gulick, Herbert Ransom; A Visitor, John McGovern; A Hungry Girl, Doris Ferguson; An Anxious Girl, Lillian Wilck; A Giggling Girl, Julie Barnard; A Woman of Personality, Ludmilla Toretzka; A Nice Young Man, Murray Bennett; An Even Nicer Young Man, Francis Sadtler; An Intoxicated Gentleman, H. Ben Smith; A Serious Man, L'Estrange Millman.

One Day More. A play in one act by Joseph Conrad. *Easter.* A play in three acts by August Strindberg. Staged by Edward Goodman, at the Princess Theatre, with this cast:

Bessie Carvil, Josephine Hutchinson; Josiah Carvil, William Crimans; Captain Hagberd, Whitford Kane; A Lamplighter, Edwin A. Brown; Harry Hagherd, Warren Williams; Christina, Rita Romilly; Elis, Warren Williams; Fru Heyst, Judith Lowry; Benjamin, Morgan Farley; Eleonora, Michael Strange; Lindquist, Arthur Hughes.

Schweiger. A play in three acts by Franz Werfel. Staged by Jacob Ben-Ami, at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, with this cast:

Anna Schweiger, Ann Harding; Mrs. Stroschneider, Minnie Dupree; Linelle, Georgina Tilden; Father Rotter, Herbert Ranson; Dr. Ottokar Grund, Philip Leigh; Travnick, Hugh Buckler; Topas, Edward Forbes; Franz Schweiger, Jacob Ben-Ami; Dr. Von Viereck, Edward Van Sloan; Selcher, Samuel Rosen.

Still Waters. Comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Staged by the author, at the Henry Miller Theatre, with this cast:

Linesman, Donald Dillaway; Mrs. McManus, Nyan Brownell; Tourists, Henrietta Adams, Mildred Southwick; June Clayborn, Miriam Doyle; Lumsley Panhaven, David Tearle; Mrs. Kate Merrible, Mona Kingsley; Senator Cassius Clayborn, Thurston Hall; Colonel Tom Thormayd, Robert Cummings; George Patterson, Charles H. Martin; Congressman Ponder, William Norton; Canon Kewback, Edward Emery; Mrs. Kewback, Georgie Drew Mendum; Senator Gummidge, Nick Long.

Square Crooks. Play in three acts by James P. Judge. Staged by Albert Bannister, at Daly's Theatre, with this cast:

Eddie Ellison, Russell Mack; Kay Ellison, Dorothy Appleby; Jane Brown, Lulu Mae Hubbard; Bridget O'Rourke, Annie Mack Berlein; Sergeant Timothy Hogan, Philip Lord; Larry Scott, Norval Keedwell; Harry Welch, Harold Salter; Mike Ross, Francis M. Verdi; Philip Carsen, Dean Raymond.

The Creaking Chair. Mystery play in three acts by Allene Tupper Wilkes. Staged by E. E. Clive, at the Lyceum Theatre Feb. 22, with this cast:

Angus Holly, E. E. Clive; Rose Emily Winch, Beatrice Miller; Anita Latter, Mary Carroll; Essai Aissa, Harold R. Chase; Edwin Latter, Reginald Mason; Sylvia Latter, Eleanor Griffith; Mrs. Carruthers, Leonore Harris; John Cutting, Tyrell Davis; Philip Speed, Brandon Peters; Oliver Hart, Gilbert Douglas; Henley, Stanley Harrison; Jim Bates, Robeert Bennett.

The Girl Friend. A musical comedy in three acts by Herbert Fields. Lyrics by Lorenz Hart, music by Richard Rodgers. Produced at the Vanderbilt Theatre by Lew Fields with this cast:

Fanny Silver, Eva Condon; Ellen, Dorothy Barber; Leonard Silver, Sam White; Mollie Farrell, Eva Puck; Thomas Larson, John Hundley; Arthur Spencer, Frank Doane; Wynn Spencer, Evelyn Cavanaugh; Irene Covel, June Cochrane; Donald Litt, Francis X. Donegan; Ann, Silvia Shawn; Mike, Jack Kogan; Duffy, Walter Bigelow; Jane Talbot, Dorothy Barber; Madame Ruby DeLilly, Jan Moore; Eddie, Leon Rose; Frank, Joel Duroe; Jim, Paul Sabin; Henry, Herman Newman; Walter, William Marshall; Bill, Sanford Wolf; Hiram, Sig Franz; Samuel, James Marks; Ester, Violet Franz; Joshua, George Rhodes.

The Shanghai Gesture. Melodrama in four acts by John Colton. Staged by Guthrie McClintic, at the Martin Beck Theatre Feb. 1, with this cast:

Caesar Hawkins, Cyril Keightley; Lin Chi, Conrad Cantzen; Prince Oshima, C. Henry Gordon; Poppy, Mary Duncan; Mother Goddam, of 17 San Kaiou Road, Florence Reed; Ching Chang Mary, Louie Emery; Ni Pau (Lost Petal), Joan Bourdelle; Ex-Envoy Mandarin Koo Lot Foo, Langdon Bruce; Sir Guy Chateris, Taipan of the British-China Trading Co., McKay Morris; Sir John Blessington, Port Judge of Shanghai, Henry Warwick; Lady Blessington, Eva Leonard Boyne; M. Le Compte de Michot, "Number One" of the Bank of Europe - Asia, William Worthington; Mme. Le Comptesse de Michot, Evelyn Wight; Mrs. Dudley Gregory, Vera Tompkins; Dudley Gregory, "Number One" of the United States Oil Co., Henry Von Rhau; Don Querebro d'Achuna, Charge d'Affairs of Latin America, C. Haviland Chappell; Donna Querebro d'Achuna, Margarita Orlova. (Eunuch, Amah, Coolies, Apprentice Mice, Junkmen.)

The Trouper. Play by J. C. and Elliott Nugent. Staged by Edwin Maxwell, at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, with the following cast:

Mary Millett, Helen Carew; Arthur Crites; Mitchell Harris; Molly Crites, Mildred Booth; Dwight Allen, Harold Elliott; David Millett, Carleton Macy; Tilly, Ruth Nugent; Larry Gilbert, J. C. Nugent; Mr. Trelayne, Robert T. Haines; Mr. Benson, Walton Butterfield; Tink, A. O. Huhan; Elsie Splain, Carlotta Irwin.

The Virgin. Play in three acts by Arthur Corning White and Louis Bennison. Directed by Sam Forrest, at the Maxine Elliott, with the following cast:

Seth Brown, John Daly Murphy; "Reverend" Elias Whipple, Lee Baker; Mrs. Grubb, Jessie Ralph; Ruth Whipple, Phyllis Povah; Dick Hayward, Arthur Albertson; Pat, John Sharkey; Axel, Olaf Skavlan; Ed, Thomas Gunn; Owen, Joseph Burton; Sam, Frank Parsons; Joe, Augusto Aramini; Louis Le Bombard, Louis Bennison; Mag, Bertha Mann; Dr. Hall, Robert Thorne. Village Folk, etc.

The Wisdom Tooth. Comedy in three acts by Marc Connelly. Staged by Winchell Smith, at the Little Theatre, with the following cast:

Carter, Stuart Brown; Sparrow, William Foran; Knox, Royal C. Stout; Bemis, Thomas Mitchell; Mr. Porter Malcolm Williams; A Woman Patient, Georgia Prentice; Her Friend, Ellenor Kennedy; A Man Patient, William Wadsworth; A Second Man Patient, Robert Lawler; Farraday, Charles Laite; Mrs. Poole, Kate Mayhew; Mrs. Farraday, Madelaine Barr; Sally Field, Mary Philips; Katy, Ellenor Kennedy; Kellogg, Hugh O'Connell; Fry, Robert Lawler; Lalita, Patricia Barclay; Grandpa, Mark Sullivan; Grandma, Marion Ballou; A Circus Owner, Jefferson Lloyd; His Partner, William Wadsworth; Porky, Eddie Quinn; Everett, Hugh O'Connell; First Clown, Stuart Brown; Second Clown, Robert Lawler; Animal Trainer, William Foran; A Circus Lady, Georgia Prentice; Mildred, Lenora Philips; Ice Cream Hawker, Royal C. Stout; Skeeter, Edwin Philips.

The Chief Thing. A play in three acts by Nicolas Evreinoff. Staged by Philip Moeller, at the Guild Theatre, with this cast:

Paraclete, McKay Morris; Lady With the Dog, Peggy Conway; Retired Government Clerk, Henry Travers; A Dancer, Estelle Winwood; An Actor, C. Stafford Dickens; Landlady in Rooming House, Alice Belmore Cliffe; Her Daughter, Esther Mitchell; A Student, Dwight Frye; The Manager of the Provincial Theatre, Stanley G. Wood; A Stage Director, Edward G. Robinson; Electrician, William Griffith.

What's the Big Idea? A comedy in three acts by Martha Hedman and Henry Arthur House. Staged by Martha Hedman, at the Bijou Theatre, with this cast:

Peter Clausen, Erskine Sanford; Richard Clausen, Pierre Gendron; Anton Moller, Arthur Donaldson; Ludwig Dilling, Phil Bishop; Ernie Einstein, Harry Lyons; Anna Moller, Lillian Ross; Matilda Clausen, Ethel Strickland.

Miss Ivy Sawyer in THE ENGLISH MORNING ROOM at the KAPOCK HOUSE

THE KAPOCK HOUSE
at 2011 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, is furnished and decorated throughout by leading decorators. It is a splendid example of the many effective uses of KAPOCK. Open every week day to the public.

Beware of imitations—KAPOCK has its name on selvage.

KAPOCK For Interior Decoration

Wherever silky fabrics are used in interior decoration KAPOCK is supreme. This beautiful, unfadable material is the ideal fabric for home, theatre, club, hotel or stage settings—richly effective at reasonable cost.

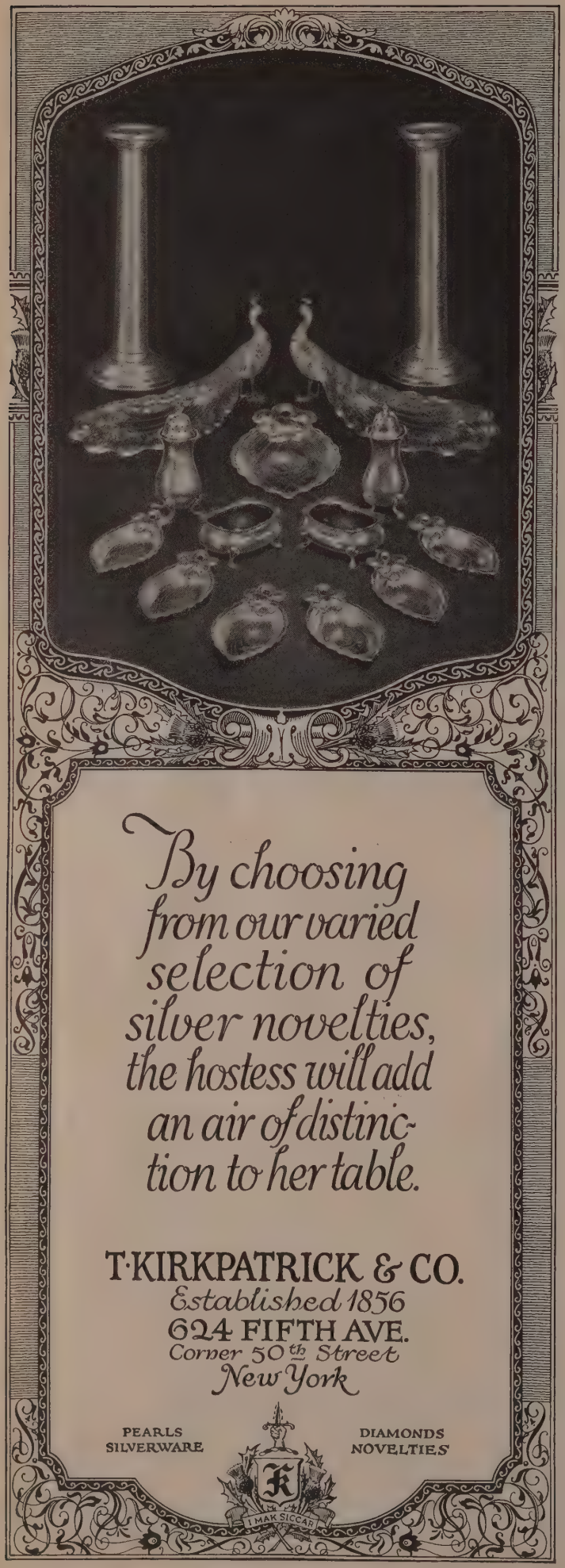
That KAPOCK is extremely durable, and absolutely sun and tubfast has been proven in thousands of homes and public places over a period of 15 years.

For casement curtains at sunny windows, for walls and furniture, for heavy portieres or light draperies, there is no fabric as well suited as KAPOCK. Beware of imitations. If your decorator or dealer has not the KAPOCK you want, write us direct.

Send 10c in cash for the
KAPOCK SKETCH BOOK
illustrating home decorations

A. THEO. ABBOTT & COMPANY, Dept. F
23rd Street and Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia

KAPOCK
GUARANTEED
Silky Sunfast Fabrics



LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM

(*Continued from page* 28)

the way you acted, if you wasn't to blame for the whole damn thing. (*They glare.*)

MAME: What are you raving about?

JANIE: Bill—don't say nothing! (*Bill looks at her, controls self.*)

Bill then tries to borrow the money from Ken, but with no success. All but Mame, Janie and Bill start out for the rehearsal.

JIM: Come on, Mame.

MAME: No—not yet awhile. (*Slowly.*) I got something I got to talk over.

JANIE: Go on, Mame. I want to talk to Bill.

MAME: So do I. And you, too. . . . Exactly what did you mean by that last crack of yours, Mr. Billingsley?

JANIE: It's something between I and Bill.

MAME: Is it? Well, what about me being to blame for something?

JANIE: Why—he just meant—losin' the sale and goofin' him.

BILL: No, I didn't neither. You don't need to get so high-hat. I know all about it, and then you act that way.

MAME: All about what?

BILL: You must be crazy—plumb off your nut. Just because you got a little spite against me, you set there and gum up the only chance I got to get you off. . . . Some staller, you are. What are you gonna do now? You won't find no forgivin' hearts in no corporation.

MAME: Somebody's been sayin' something about me? (*Looks at Janie.*)

BILL: If you needed jack, why didn't you come to somebody — why didn't you come to me?

JANIE: You big fool, can't you wait till she goes?

BILL: Who's a fool? I don't want to see her in no hole. I'm goin' to do the best I can—only the way she acted! Talk about bitin' off your nose to spite your face!

MAME: Are you referrin' to me?

JANIE: Mame, will you go? (*Tries to push her out.*) She'll only deny it, anyhow.

MAME: What in hell are you talkin' about?

BILL: I'm talkin' about you breakin' into Janie's trunk and takin' the Welfare funds. That's what I'm talkin' about.

MAME: Oh!

Mame sends Bill out and cross-examines her sister until she learns the truth of the situation, that she has been betting on the races and that Lem has the money.

MAME: I don't know what I ever done to you, you should treat me this way.

JANIE: Mame, I didn't mean to do anything.

MAME: Oh, no. I s'pose not. You must just hate me, that's all.

JANIE: I don't hate you. I love you.

MAME: Beautiful way of showin' it.

JANIE: I was just desprit. How was I to get the money? I couldn't think straight. If they find out at the store about the Welfare funds bein' missin', I'll never get to be McGonigle's secretary. We was both hopin' and hopin' for that to happen——

MAME: You can't even fight fair with your own sister.

JANIE: I wouldn't fight with you.

MAME: Oh, no—you wouldn't. You, that can get plenty of fellas. I never tried to take none of 'em away from you. Maybe I could, easy enough, if I used some of your methods ——

JANIE: I don't know what you mean—fellas——

MAME: I seen the way you went after Bill—not that I want the funny-lookin' thing—but you, rubbin' up against him —and showin' your legs. My God, you been more free with him than I'd be if I was married to him. You musta thought I was blind.

JANIE: If you don't imagine things——!

MAME: And now—you ain't satisfied with—with breakin' up the—the lousy combination — you have to go and make him think I'm a crook. God damn you——

But Janie, as usual, plays on Mame's sympathies and Janie is sent off to rehearsal She is to tell Miss Streeter that she has found the money and has given it to Mame for safe-keeping. Mame will bring it with her later in the evening. Mame opens the parlor door and plays the piano to call Lem. He comes with a bottle of gin. Mame displays the money which she has taken from Janie (the $12 and the $5 borrowed from Jim) and Lem tries to get Mame to roll the dice. He induces her to drink some of his home-made gin and the dice-rolling starts.

MAME: I'll shoot the whole dollar.

LEM: Wow! What one drink don't do to a dame! Well—go ahead.

MAME: Dices, are you good? Seven! One roll and no coffee! Want to quit now?

LEM: I ain't a quitter. Here, I'll cover the whole bill. That's how much I think of you.

Mame wins again and again. And as Mame and Lem are rolling the bones on the floor before the sofa, the curtain falls, very, very slowly with most of the money being raked into Mame's pile.

* * * * * * *

THE third act brings us to the stage at Mechanics' Hall. The rehearsal is in process. Janie has gone to telephone. Bill sings the verse of the song he has composed and all join in at the chorus. The song is sung to the tune of *Onward, Christian Soldiers.*

BILL:

There is a spirit in our store,
The finest ever had.
We work for Mr. Ginsburg
Like we'd work for dear old dad.
With pep and punch on every side
Our hearts are always glad,
Yes, pep has Ginsburg's store.

When we go inside the building,
As it towers floor on floor,
There's a holy feeling comes to you,
Like when the organs roar.
And you can almost feel that God
Is coming in the door.
Like church is Ginsburg's store.

MAHARAJAH de KAPURTHALA
Head of one of the greatest ruling houses in India, society leader, man of fashion, arbiter elegantiarum

Pavillon Kapurthala
1, Route du Champ d'Entraînement
(Bois de Boulogne)
Paris
21 Juillet 1925

Je trouve les cigarettes Melachrino extraordinairement bonnes

Jagat Jit Singh

Maharaja de Kapurthala

TRANSLATION

I find the Melachrino cigarettes extraordinarily good.

JAGAT JIT SINGH
Maharajah de Kapurthala

ORIGINAL

MELACHRINO

"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"

Plain - Cork or Straw Tips

DRECOLL

¶ Once more Drecoll has a collection acclaimed the criterion of Parisian elegance for the new season.

¶ Once more a new fashion finds its most perfect delineation in the hands of Drecoll.

¶ Once more Drecoll gives a typically triumphant confirmation of his long leadership of the Haute Couture.

DRECOLL

130 AVENUE DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES PARIS

They Want to Know—

Q. *Is Wallace Eddinger married?*—Olga Dorfman, City Island, N. Y.

A. Yes. Margaret Lawrence is his wife.

Q. *Can you tell me when Helen Gahagan first played after leaving college and what are some of the parts she has been in since then?*—Anne Reimers, Washington, D. C.

A. Miss Gahagan made her stage début as Sybil Herrington in *Manhattan.* Since then she has played the feminine leads in *Dreams for Sale, Fashions for Men, Chains, Beyond, Leah Kleshna, The Enchanted April* and now *Young Woodley.*

Q. *Would you kindly tell me which play was written first by Eugene O'Neill—"Beyond the Horizon" or "Anna Christie"?*—Irene Vogel, Pontiac, Mich.

A. *Beyond the Horizon* was written in 1919 and *Anna Christie* in 1921.

Q. *Can you please give me the age of Conway Tearle, the actor? Is he related to Godfrey Tearle?*—S. Y. J., 23 W. 12th St., N. Y. City.

A. Mr. Tearle is forty-eight years old. He is half-brother to Godfrey Tearle.

Q. *Will you please give me the name of the actress who played Susan Lennox in "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lennox"?*—Albert Winterer, New Rochelle, N. Y.

A. Alma Tell.

Q. *Would you be good enough to tell me something of the career of Francine Larrimore? When was she born, where educated, when did she go on the stage?*—Edna Young, Plainfield, N. J.

A. Francine Larrimore was born August 22, 1888. She is a niece of the famous Yiddish actor, Jacob Adler. Educated at Hunter High School, she made her first stage appearance in Russia when but three years old; then traveled through Russia and Germany. In 1894 she played children's parts in a Vienna repertory company, appearing subsequently in her uncle's company. She came to America in 1902 and was seen as Cedric in *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and Little Eva in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* After playing for three years in *The True Power,* she resumed her schooling, returning to the stage in 1909 to play in *A Fool There Was.* Since then she has been almost constantly before the public. She is married to Conrad Conrad.

Q. *Can you tell me when a play called "The District Attorney" was presented and where? Also who are the authors?*—A. C., Chicago.

A. *The District Attorney,* a play by Harrison Grey Fiske and Charles Klein, was produced at the American Theatre, New York City, January 21, 1895, with a cast including Wilton Lackaye, Effie Shannon and Annie Irish.

Q. *Please tell me something about Louise Beaudet.*—Florence Smedley, New York City.

A. Louise Beaudet, actress and vocalist of French-Spanish extraction, sang in America in 1879 as a child in juvenile light-opera companies. When not yet twelve, she played the little Duchess in *The Little Duke* with Aimée, toured with that actress for several years, then became a member of the stock company at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco. Afterwards she starred in Australia and India.

Q. *Will you please let me know who wrote "Davy Crockett"?*—W. W., Albany.

A. Frank Murdoch. The play was first performed in 1873 at the Rochester, N. Y., theatre, with Frank Mayo as the hero. In 1874 it was seen in New York at Niblo's Garden, with Rosa Rand as Eleanor Vaughan. A pure sylvan love story, the piece was hailed by the critics as one of the best American plays ever written.

Q. *When was "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" first done in this country?*—Arthur Casey, Brooklyn.

A. The play was first seen at Boston in May, 1887, with Richard Mansfield in the title-rôle. Isabelle Evesson played Agnes Carew and Emma Sheridan was the Rebecca.

Q. *Can you tell me in what year John Drew made his stage début and where?*—Curious, Yonkers.

A. He was first seen at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Plumper in *Cool as a Cucumber.* He remained at that theatre under his mother's management till January, 1875, when he was the original representative of Major Steel in *Women of the Day.* This was the performance which brought him the offer of an engagement in New York with Augustin Daly, which proved the real beginning of his fortunes. He remained associated with Daly until 1892.

Q. *Is Beatrice Cameron, widow of Richard Mansfield, an American?*—T. B. Connelly, Pittsburgh.

A. She was born in Troy, N. Y., and made her stage début as an amateur in 1884 in *The Midnight Marriage.* Engaged by the management of the Madison Square Theatre, she figured there in *Called Back* and *The Young Mrs. Winthrop.* Then came a tour road and an engagement with Richard Mansfield, whom she married.

Q. *Who was Linda Dietz?*—Sally Milner, Syracuse.

A. An American actress, born in New York. She made her début in 1870 at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre as Georgette in *Fernande.* She also wrote a comedietta called *Lessons in Harmony.*

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The aristocrat of small enclosed cars—smart, dependable and, above all, easy to drive.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Touring	$510
Roadster	510
Coupe	645
Coach	645
Sedan	735
Landau	765

f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

THERE WAS A MOMENT OF SILENCE

A Princess incognito? Surely, the distinguished Lady must be that, at least. For, to whom else would this royal tribute of silence be paid? And who but a lovely Princess could be so marvelously chic? The Lady refuses to tell her name, but the secret of her chic is out. She is dressed by the most famous couturier in Paris, and her perfume is Fioret's Jouir.

Accessoirs so elegant, so smartly individual that one seeks frequent occasion for their use.

A lipstick of fascinating design, at $3.00. A charming compacte containing rouge, priced at $1.50. Face powder, delightfully packaged, and of that inimitable texture which blends so naturally with the skin. It is priced at $1.00. Perfumes and a complete line of accessories in Jouir and other Fioret odeurs are available in the better shops. Fioret, Inc., 677 Fifth Ave., New York.

FIORET *Paris*

ALL:
Glory, glory unto Ginsburg,
The church of all the stores.

McGonigle approves of Bill's verse, but Miss Streeter refuses to have it tacked on the end of her pageant. The argument is closed when Mr. McGonigle informs her that he has sent it to Mr. Ginsburg for his approval. All but Bill and Janie hurry off to dress for the pageant-rehearsal.

BILL: Did you phone the house?

JANIE (*panicky*): Yeh, and Lem come to the phone, and every time I ast for Mame he just begin cussin' me. . . . Mame ought to come even if she didn't get the money. She could say she got held up on the way over.

BILL: Maybe she was. Maybe she's been hit by a taxi.

JANIE: Well, I don't care what's happened to her, she ought to come like she promised.

BILL: Gee, I seen some hard-boiled people in my day, but if any of 'em could touch you——

JANIE: What do you want me to do, turn somersets and tear my hair out? . . . You sound like a movie.

BILL: I don't give a damn what I sound like. To think of me ever believin' what you said about her. That's the rottenest break I ever saw one sister give another. And me, the damn fool, to swallow it.

JANIE: Oh, ain't you noble all of a sudden.

Miss Streeter returns and orders Bill to the dressing-room. McGonigle comes and Miss Streeter leaves.

JANIE: You just sort of comfort me somehow—though I don't suppose I ought to say so.

MCGONIGLE: I don't know why not.

JANIE: I never like to be fresh.

MCGONIGLE: Why, Janie, there's nothing fresh about you—except those red cheeks. Let's have a look at the little costume.

JANIE (*taking off coat*): Hope you're going to like it. (*A very short ballet costume.*)

MCGONIGLE: Well, upon my soul. Pretty as a picture. That's what D. G. would call a sight for sore eyes.

JANIE: I'm "Pleasure," you see, so it's a little what you might call "gay." (*Walks up and down, twirling about to give him a good look at her legs.*)

MCGONIGLE: Just right. Just exactly right.

JANIE (*sits. In false anxiety pulling skirts down a little*): You don't think it's too short, do you? I wouldn't want to have people saying I wasn't modest.

MCGONIGLE: Why—why—let me see—no, no, certainly not. On some girls, perhaps, but it's dandy on you—dandy.

JANIE: Well, if you approve of it, that's enough for me.

MCGONIGLE: Listen, little girl, how would you like to be my private secretary?

JANIE: Oh, Mr. McGonigle, it's the dream of my life.

The actors in the pageant arrive and rehearse. The playlet is an allegorical sketch in which Everyclerk, after keeping company with Pleasure, Leisure and Goodman Generosity, shuns his former companions, heeding to the words of Duty. Mame comes in as the rehearsal is almost completed. Mame looks a trifle pulled apart. Aiken, the dramatic coach, arranges to take Janie home. All go to get dressed but Mame, Janie and Bill. It is evident that Mame has been drinking, but is not what might be called drunk.

JANIE: You been drinkin'.

MAME: She's a mind-reader.

BILL: Oh, gees, Mame!

MAME (*to Bill*): What's it to you, Funny-face?

JANIE: Well, Mame——

MAME: And what you got to kick about? If it wasn't for your troubles, I wouldn't 'a' had to swallow none of it. Terrible stuff, too.

JANIE: But, Mame—drinkin'—oh, my goodness, what did you have to do—oh——

MAME: Do? Why, Lem, that's who I done. Lookit. (*Displays a roll.*) You poor nut, I was shootin' craps with him.

BILL: Did you clean him?

MAME: Did I? He ain't been so clean since he was a baby. One more pass and I'd of had his shirt.

Janie goes off to dress, leaving Mame and Bill to explain to Miss Streeter. Bill tries to make up with Mame, but with no success. Miss Streeter returns, but will not accept the money without explanations and Mame refuses to give them, with the result that Mame gets fired. Miss Streeter discloses the information that Lem has called her on the phone and complained that Mame had gambled with the fund money, but McGonigle returns and induces Miss Streeter to take the money and a scandal is avoided. Mame follows Miss Streeter to get the receipt, leaving the stage to Janie and Mr. McGonigle.

JANIE: Oh, Mr. McGonigle, if someone could only give her a letter or something.

MCGONIGLE: I might stretch a point, seeing that she's the sister of a pretty nice little girl. Anyhow, I tell you what we'll do. I'll meet you here in fifteen minutes and we'll go somewheres and have a bit to eat and talk it over.

JANIE: Oh, that would be wonderful. (*He embraces her. Mame enters in time to see it.*) Mr. McGonigle leaves.

JANIE: Mr. McGonigle was so nice.

MAME: Cut that out.

JANIE: Cut what out?

MAME: Never mind the little Eva stuff. I seen you.

JANIE: I haven't the least idea what your talkin' about.

MAME: All this egging' men on. Oh, I seen him squeezin' you, and I seen you makin' it easy for him too. . . . First it's Bill, then it's Aiken and now McGonigle. . . . Huh, outside of hittin' 'em over the head with a hammer, you don't leave much out. . . . I suppose next you'll be filin' your heels down till they're round

JANIE: You got no right to talk that way to me.

(*Continued on page 72*)

Your New Frock will STAY *New—*
if you protect it with

Kleinert's Dress Shields

ONE of the fastidious woman's real problems is underarm moisture. She prefers not to check it and she knows from sad experience what havoc it can work in a short time. She *must* protect her frocks and she has discovered there is just one way that is *always sure*—the suitable Kleinert's Dress Shields.

CRESCENT

Yet of all the women who rely on dress shields, only a very few really make the best use of them. There are—literally—shields specially designed for *all* dresses and *all* occasions. Consider the Kleinert's Dress Shield Garments—dainty affairs of net, lace, and satin, with shields attached. They answered a demand for shields ready for instant wear with a number of different garments and as easily laundered as fine lingerie. They are made in styles to suit every sleeve line and every sort of material.

REGULAR

NUERA
With a sewing edge under the curve

ONYX
An inexpensive shield for black dresses

ON-AND-OFF
Very useful indeed for wash blouses

GUIMPE
Takes the place of a dress lining

SHIRLASTIC
Cut low enough for decollete

BRASSIERETTE
Very convenient and easily laundered

For the dresses in which a sewed-in shield seems desirable, Kleinert's make four different shapes in several sizes.

In choosing shields, it is well to explain to the saleswoman for just what sort of dress you wish them, and also to consider the special purposes for which they were designed.

For maximum protection, ask for the double covered *Gem;* if you can use a lighterweight shield, there is *Featherweight.* Both of these are made in four shapes: *Regular,* for heavy cloth or silk dresses; *Crescent,* for lighter fabrics; *Opera,* with a short sleeve flap for evening wear; *High Point,* for excessive perspiration.

The *Nuera* has a unique feature, an edging under the curve through which the shield may be sewed fast to the armhole—the *only* shield which can be sewed anywhere except around the edges—especially good for kimono sleeves.

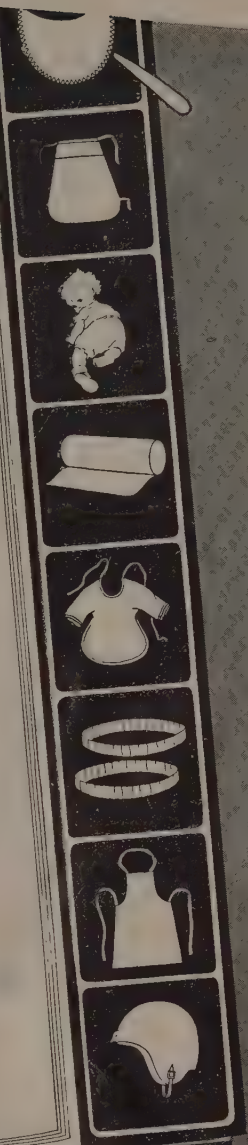
For black shields, ask for *Onyx* or *Panne.*

A handy time-saver is the *On-and-off* equipped with tiny safety pins.

Kleinert's *Guimpe* is a slip-over of dainty white net equipped with Gem shields. Besides the style illustrated, the Guimpe is made in sleeveless design, and in flesh and black as well as white.

Kleinert's *Shirlastic Garment Shield* is cut low and held snugly in place by the Shirlastic Ribbon insert across the back.

Another very popular slip-over garment shield is Kleinert's *Brassierette*—the shields are held in place by bands of shirred net.



THE OTHER PAGES ARE INTERESTING, TOO

OUR book, "What's New in Notions," is interesting reading for every woman, a practical guide to protective rubber articles which will save you money and untold annoyance.

Copies are free upon request—as long as this edition lasts.

Kleinert's
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Kleinert's—standard in rubber goods for nearly half a century

Send Today

COUPON

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. 20, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send, without obligation: "What's New in Notions" to

NAME .....

STREET ..... TOWN .....

**The wardrobe of the woman who follows summer sports—she who plays as well as she who applauds—will welcome the service of this charming hat. In a shell weight felt with a grosgrain band and in all the newer shades. Priced at $18.*

IT is with charming insistence that this chapeau tailleur combines the smartness of the mode with the intangible touch of individuality that has ever distinguished the tailored hats bearing *the label of* KNOX*

The Women's Shop of

KNOX

THE HATTER

NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 40th Street
Roosevelt Hotel (Madison at 45th)
161 Broadway (Singer Bldg.)
Waldorf-Astoria (34th St. at 5th Ave.)
San Francisco (51 Grant Avenue)

WHITEWASHING SADIE THOMPSON

(*Continued from page* 10)

gone for two years. I have forgiven the movement. My malice is toward those people who wail that the "Original New York Cast" has never come to us. They are the people who escaped buying tickets and the people who did buy tickets and cursed the original New Yorkers for being blockheads. Let both factions hold whatever peace the world has given them. Those marionettes were the only original four-legged animal on which we can truthfully pin a tail labeled "New York Cast."

Perhaps if the Alpha and Omega Club had aided the "sticks" to an understanding of the play by running it in short, snappy instalments in the *Daily Telegram,* we would have been more appreciative. I asked for "Don Quixote" at the library, but when I was confronted with two stout volumes our librarian dragged from among the fiction shelves, each book looked so much like a fat old lady telling the other fat old lady about the days of her glorious youth that I rejected them at the price of ignorance.

It might have been better if the entire audience could have occupied the first row. As it was, those of us who did not know what the marionettes were, save that there was no chorus, insisted on sitting at least five rows from the front. This left the first rows an aching void where the words the puppeteers shouted through a hole in the top of the miniature stage reverberated into a nothingness which made the actions of the characters in the play as intelligible as those of the monkey on the stick who used to come in the Christmas stocking.

"Boom, boom, boom!" quoth a big bass drum behind the scenes. It took something like seventy-one acts of thirty-nine scenes each to jump from one end of *Don Quixote* to the other. Before each scene someone beat that drum. I simply could not sleep. As soon as I began to dream I was going to awake to see Mitzi on that stage, I was roused by a gibberish noise, whereupon someone would pull a string and a wooden doll would resemble a man with a cork leg trying to do a place kick. "Boom, boom, boom!"

The printed directions which came with the play explained that it was an ancient form of the drama which traveling minstrels carried along the European frontiers of dramatic art. It was customary for these expeditions to open the show by beating a drum.

"They drummed up a crowd just like the patent-medicine show," explained Kennicott as he passed me his opera-glasses.

Through the glass I learned that those dolls had faces. They were not dolls at all. They were puppets of real men and women like those people about me and all others who are born, laugh, love and die.

When Confucius said that rotten wood could not be carved, he should have added that there must be something more than an arm to wield the knife. On the face of Don Quixote, Tony Sarg pictured that quest of an ideal which makes men fight windmills. Channing Pollock wrote it into *The Fool* in such simple language we could not evade it. Tony Sarg's more subtle art carves it in wood and bids us learn by seeing it. When we looked, none of us could see it, save through a magnifying-glass, and most of us saw it not at all.

As the disgruntled, sleepy crowd moved toward the street, I had a vision of The Great White Way. Times Square wore a sardonic smile. Up in the sky the collars nodded sagely and the ginger ale danced with glee. They were all saying, "Out there they are always crying for the original, and when it came they did not recognize it."

On the deserted stage the puppet of Don Quixote hung by his string. I felt a pang of sympathy for this lone New Yorker who had braved the "sticks" and now hung friendless and alone among the enemy.

"Courage, old top," I called to him. "On the campus of dear old Yale they have erected a statue to Nathan Hale. He has a rope around his neck, too, and he is saying, 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.'"

We are a simple people. Culture is not one of our household gods. We send out sons to Miss Jones for piano lessons. When they learn to play the "Flower Song," we graduate them to Professor Rubinsky, under whose metronome they begin to beat up that much-battered prelude. Then we put them in the grocery business.

When our opera-house is lighted, after those long periods of darkness we patiently endure, we fill its chairs and hope to see a good show. What is a good show on the frontier? We waited for seven long years after Helen Menken placed *The Seventh Heaven* on Broadway for her to come to us with a symbol of our conception of a good show. Incidentally we hope Helen Menken's cycles come in shorter periods hereafter because she can never come too often. To the "sticks" a good show is the *Eloise,* which, though broken and worn by many years on the road, carries us to that rift in the clouds where we can lose the knowledge of the dull gray existence life has for its background. If a show will do this for us, we care not from whence it came.

We know that when a new play is born on The Great White Way and is being christened on its first night, its anxious parents and its fairy godmother cast an appraising eye out toward the frontier. We know that within their souls dawns a consciousness that sooner or later the unfathomed "sticks" will claim the remains of their dream.

MORNY

PARIS *and* LONDON

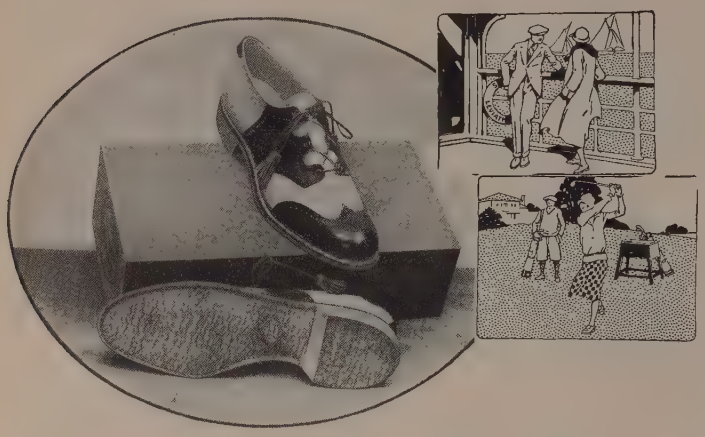
CHAMINADE

Bath Soap one dollar—Bath Salts three dollars upwards—
Dusting Powder three-seventy-five—also perfume,
creams, face powder and talc in the
same exquisite fragrance

Imported for the best stores
by Maurice Lévy of New York

It has enchanted lovely
womankind everywhere

WESCOTT SOLES



The Sole with a Grip

SEVERAL important features combine to make the WESCOTT SOLE the finest sole yet produced—exceptional tensile strength, unique lightweight, remarkable flexibility, resiliency and durability.

A big feature of this advanced sole however is its extraordinary gripping power. WESCOTT SOLES are slipless and skidless—the cotton fibre and rippled surface give them unusual traction. These soles give the wearer a sense of sure-footedness not only on the golf course but also on treacherous wet pavements. They put beneath you the greatest surety of safety any sole can give.

You will find WESCOTT SOLES on the finer shoes made for sport wear. They identify the sport shoe of quality, fashion and good taste. Their trimness enhances the beauty of the shoe. Securely attached to the shoe by the GOODYEAR WELT PROCESS. Ask your dealer to show you shoes on WESCOTT SOLES.

THE WESCOTT SOLE

The Sole of Quality
For Shoes of Distinction

USMC

United Shoe Machinery Corporation

Selling Agents

205 Lincoln Street Boston, Massachusetts

MUSSOLINI CENTRALIZES THEATRICAL ITALY

(*Continued from page* 20)

esting play, *Penelope*, which shows that grass-widow of Ithaca as a fat, vulgar woman who invited courtesans to the court out of an economical desire to save her son's money.

In the midst of the post-war confusion between the realists and classicists, one Italian playwright stands alone, belonging to no school—Sem Benelli—author of *The Jest* (*La Cena delle Beffe*), first produced here with John and Lionel Barrymore, and recently revived by Arthur Hopkins with Basil Sydney almost simultaneously with its first presentation as an opera at the Metropolitan. He is universally acknowledged to be a great poet and playwright.

The Italian stage is efficiently organized. Practically every theatre in Italy is owned by a single organization, the Societa Italiana del Teatro Drammatico, formed by Paolo Giordani—a monopoly, perhaps, but a smooth-working one. The playwrights, too, are well organized into an author's league. Every writer of plays, stories, novels or songs in Italy is a member of this league, which takes care of the collection of royalties all over the world, settles disputes and provides standard contracts between managers and authors—contracts which are practically official permits for representations. Niccodemi recently resigned as president of this league and has been succeeded by Senator Vincenzo Morello, known as "Rastignac" in journalism. The league was founded in 1893 by Marco Prago. The vice-president is Leopoldo Barduzzi, lawyer and author and close friend of D'Annunzio.

The league has agents in every principal city of Italy and in the theatrical centers of foreign countries to collect royalties. It is backed by the government to some extent, and has the power of stopping performances without court procedure if royalties are not forthcoming. It has taken over the function, also, of a copyright office. Chiarelli, Barduzzi, Giordani and Gherardi—the leading music publisher—are all adherents of Fascism and followers of Mussolini.

Varaldo, likewise a force in the organization, is also a Fascist, standing for "law and order." On his recommendation, Mussolini has declared in favor of compelling theatres to produce works selected by a committee of authors. Censorship is rarely exercised, only in a few random instances for political reasons. But one case of moral censorship comes to mind, the case of Rosso di San Secondo's play, *A Thing of Flesh,* which local authorities banned in several cities.

IS O'NEILL'S POWER DECLINING?

(*Continued from page* 12)

Under the Elms he has chosen to present us with the men who are almost lower than the animals. Here definitely is unredeemed brutishness. The bestiality of these people is made plainer by the mechanical utterance from time to time of the word "Purty" whenever any of the men look at the sky or a sunset or a tree. There is one speech made by the old farmer, Cabot, in the second scene of "part two," as Mr. O'Neill prefers to call his second act, when the lyrical note suddenly bursts out of him, and Caliban raises his head from the slime and listens to the "noises" which fill his island. But it is not long sustained and seems to be capriciously sounded. Thereafter the play drops deeper and deeper into the dirt. The people steadily shed their humanity, until at last they are entirely bestial.

DOES this play mark a decline in Mr. O'Neill's poetic qualities, or is it merely one of those lapses from strength that all of us must sometimes suffer? There is force in it, and I can believe that it acts well, but it fills me with loathing for people, and gives me a disgust with life. If this is to be the note of Mr. O'Neill's work, then Mr. O'Neill is not only spiritually dead but spiritually damned. I remember his other work, and am reluctant to believe that *Desire Under the Elms* is any more than his *Timon of Athens*. But I shall take up his next play with apprehension and read it with great anxiety.

A WISE-CRACKER LEARNS TO WEEP

(*Continued from page* 22)

moment he's on the mountain top, the next in the valley. Not so with the legitimate. If you make good in your rôle the opening night, you're all set for the run of the show, unless, of course, you let down or go to pieces later in some unforeseen way.

In the legitimate I see a great chance for the future. There are many different kinds of rôles I want to tackle. Jumping from vaudeville to the legitimate spells progress to me But this doesn't mean that I've forgotten my first love. I cherish my memories of the two-a-day. It was a happy, care-free time, and I enjoyed every minute of it.

But now that I'm on the other side of the bridge, I haven't much time to look backward. For who knows? I may play Romeo or Hamlet yet. Anything might happen in the legitimate. Oh, yes, Hampden and Sothern they're good too.

"ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF BUILDING FOR TOMORROW" . . 1826-1926

The cape-coat for sports or travel, sketched left, is of imported plaid in black and white with kit fox collar $195.

The sports costume, center, has imported tweed coat frock of silk in pattern to match and collar of Mongolian chipmunk $295.

The riding habit, right, is correct in cut, tailored of brown worumbo, faultlessly finished at every point $69.50.

A SPORTS SHOP

for Sports Lovers and Onlookers

The smart golf outfit—the comfortable frock for tennis—the correct riding habit; these for active sports women. And for those who enjoy their sports from the sidelines: frocks, suits and wraps in the colors and fabrics approved by fashion. This is the two-fold story of the new Sports Shop opened on the Third Floor.

Lord & Taylor

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Our personal shopping bureau is prepared to fill mail and telephone orders promptly and carefully

The Magic of Primrose House

THE magic of tired skins made lovely again! The magic of youth restored! The magic of natural beauty preserved and enhanced!

Constantly, a corps of chemists and graduate registered nurses is working to achieve this scientific magic, this modern magic, in the preparations of Primrose House, New York's smartest beauty salon.

Together, they have worked out the most definite instructions for the proper use of Primrose House preparations, not only in Primrose House, but everywhere. In your own home, you can benefit from the methods perfected in Primrose House itself.

Primrose House preparations—and nowhere can you find finer, more luxurious creams and lotions—may be obtained at the leading shops of your own city together with instructions for their use.

Beauty of the face and neck goes deeper than the skin—

The Face Molding Treatment originated by Primrose House, works directly on the underlying muscles, molding them gently and surely back to the firm lines of youth. Sagging and wrinkles magically yield to its influence and the skin takes on new life and color. Ten minutes a day in your own home with the following preparations will work wonders.

Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream. Applied night and morning, removes all impurities from the pores and thoroughly cleanses the skin. Four sizes, $1.00, $2.00, $3.50, $6.00.

Skin Freshener. Tones up the skin, makes it resistant to flabbiness and causes it to glow with exquisite freshness. Three sizes, $1.25, $3.00, $9.00.

Face Molding Cream. Rich in fine oils which give nourishment to the skin, This remarkable cream is a wonderful aid in building up sunken tissues and removing lines and wrinkles. Four sizes, $1.50, $3.00, $5.00, $8.00.

Balsam Astringent. Tightens the skin and underlying muscles, especially in the crucial spots under the chin, on the neck and around the mouth and eyes. Three sizes, $2.50, $4.00, $7.00.

At your favorite store or sent postpaid from Primrose House on receipt of price

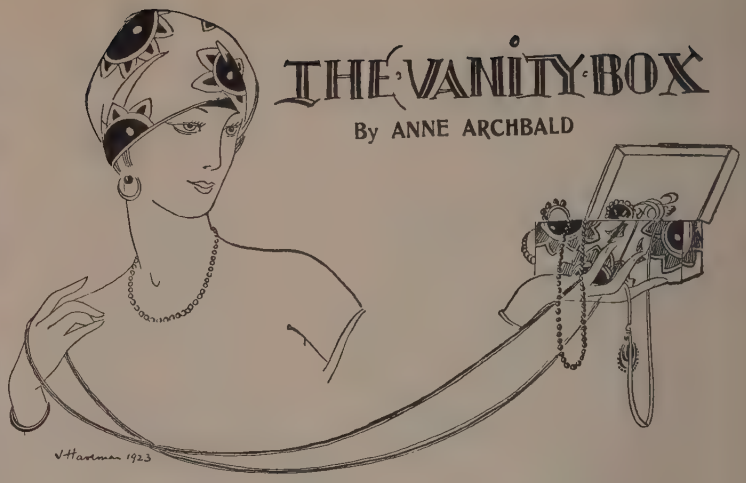
THERE'S A BOOKLET TO WRITE FOR

The methods of caring for and beautifying the skin, hands and hair that have proved so delightfully satisfactory in the New York salon of Primrose House are described in detail in a fascinating little booklet, "Here Dwells Youth." A copy will be mailed you free upon request.

Primrose House*

3 EAST 52nd ST. NEW YORK

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Department T-4



THE VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

THOSE of you who have followed this column over a period of years are aware of its admiration for that charming young actress who bears the name of Helen Shipman, and who recently made "Kosher Kitty Kelly" if not "what it is to-day" at least "what it was yesterday." Our admiration has been particularly focused on the delicious dancing feet of Miss Shipman, which to our mind have a personality that makes them unlike any other feet on the current stage.

Which introduction probably inclines you to think that we are about to talk on the subject of feet, and we are not. Though we are going to talk about something very like them—like them because they are so different, that is to say, hands. We are inspired to this by the recent discovery of Miss Shipman's own hands, our attention having been so engaged heretofore by her feet as to have missed out in that direction.

The greatest pity! For they are the most enchanting little models of whiteness and softness imaginable, with exquisitely finished pink nails. Listen to the suggestions she has to offer for the caring of hands in general.

To begin with, Miss Shipman believes in "sleeping in gloves"—though perhaps somewhat figuratively speaking. For the "sleeping" may take the form of actually doing so "all through the night," or you may "put on the gloves" for an hour or two any time you happen to be lazing around at home reading, or napping, or whatever. And then her gloves aren't gloves at all, but the most adorable mittens of white kid, which you can find at only one beauty establishment in town. They come as short mittens, the kind Miss Shipman wears, or as long ones that reach up over the elbow and help in whitening and rounding that tricky spot with its tendency to give away the age. And they—that is, the mittens—have a finish all the way round of pinked edges. . . Frightfully chic! The most captious husband could not object to them, or find them disillusioning.

But though so attractive and so helpful in their way, no mittens, nor gloves, of course, can create a soft white texture for the skin of the hands by themselves. A cream must be used with them. If the hands are thin, this should be a special fattening cream. Well kneaded into the skin, it is left on and then over one's hands go the smart little white kid mittens, which all women over thirty should choose of the elbow-length variety.

For hands that are normally plump enough, but whose skin texture leaves something to be desired, a smoothing "muscle oil" should be used instead of the fattening cream. And then on alternate days there should be your "bleaching cream," which can also be rubbed into the hands whenever one dresses to go out. This bleaching cream, being absolutely greaseless and non-sticky, can be left on as a kind of make-up or whitening for them.

A Chinese nail polish (Chan Wah Poli), which Miss Shipman uses, is a unique product of this same beauty specialist, who offers these other fascinating things for beautifying the hands. It comes in an adorable small box in a group of three bottles, the preparation in one cleansing the nails and removing old polish; in another, tinting them that vivid fashionable pink of the moment, and in the third, giving them a finishing, shiny lacquer. Having tried *Chan Wah Poli,* we subscribe personally to it ourself.

Are you taking advantage of the so charming vogue of the Spring to wear your initials in brilliants or marcasite on your chapeau? We know a jeweler who has these ornaments at most reasonable prices, whether in single letters or initial and monogram combinations of two or three and made up in diamonds or circles or ovals.

For the name of the beauty specialist carrying the white kid mittens and the preparations for beautifying the hands, and the jeweler who makes the diamanté *initials, write The Vanity Box, care the* THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*

This Ends Oily Skins

This remarkable new way of removing cleansing cream

Lightens darkish skins 4 or 5 shades—instantly
Holds make-up fresh for hours

Please accept a 7-day supply to try. See coupon below

HERE is a scientific discovery that will prove, no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never removed it, and its accumulation of dirt, entirely from your skin . . . you have never removed it in gentle safety to your skin.

May we give you a 7-day supply, without charge, to try?

It is not a cloth, not a makeshift, *but an entirely new kind of material.* It contrasts the harshness of fibre or tissue methods with a softness that you'll love. It ends the "soiled towel" bother.

A scientific creation

We are makers of absorbents, are world authorities in this field.

On the urge of a noted dermatologist, we started out to perfect a thorough remover for cold cream . . . a right way that would remove it *all*, and *all* the pores' accumulations of dirt, grease and germ-laden residue with it.

Now that exactment has been met. We worked two years to do it. And we're told it marks one of the most important advancements in skin care known.

What it is

The name is KLEENEX—exquisitely dainty, inviting and immaculate—you use it, then discard it.

Scientifically aseptic, it reaches you white as snow, soft as down. It is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel; 24 times as any fibre or tissue substitute.

Kleenex comes in two sizes—the Professional (sheets 9 by 10 inches) and the Boudoir size (sheets 6 by 7 inches) in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer.

Today, largely on the advice of skin specialists, women are flocking to its use.

It will effect unique results in the texture and fineness of your skin; in the color and whiteness of your skin.

Combats oily skins and blemishes

You use cold cream to remove germ-laden accumulations. Old methods removed but part, rubbed the rest back in. That's where eruptions came . . . and those dark appearing skins.

* * *

It will correct oily skin and nose conditions amazingly. Oily skin indicates cold cream *left in* the skin. The pores exude it. That's why you must powder now so often

* * *

It will double and treble the effectiveness of your make-up . . . will make it last hours longer than before.

That's because it does what no other method can do, what no other even approximates; removes all dirt and grease from the pores.

Send the coupon

Please accept a 7-day supply free. Then see results yourself.

Just clip the coupon now before you forget. Mail it today for liberal supply at our expense. Prove these results for yourself.

At All Drug and Department Stores

Just make this test

Your make-up holds hours longer than before

Instead of towels, cloths, harsh fibre or paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously soft new material—27 times as absorbent!

First

Remove every bit of germ-laden matter, every particle of dirt, simply by wiping off face.

Then

—pay particular attention to the nose, so that it will be white and without shine.

Then

You discard the used sheets—no more soiling of towels.

KLEENEX
Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

Boudoir Size (Sheets 6 x 7 inches) 35c

Professional Size (Sheets 9 x 10 inches) 65c

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO., T-5
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX as offered.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one packet to a family.

RENAULT

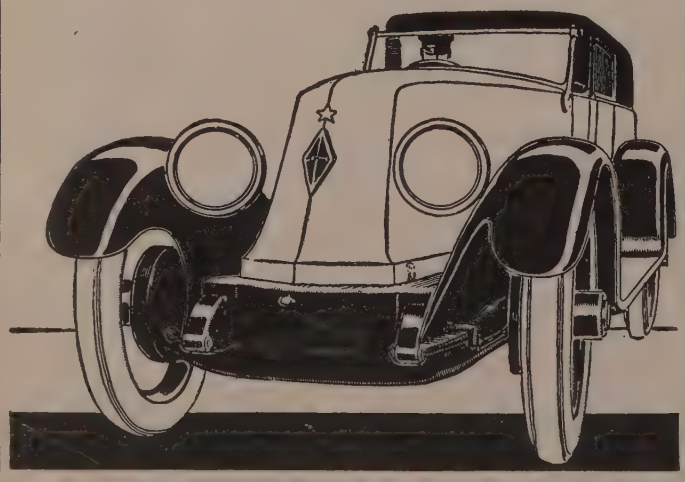
A TWENTIETH CENTURY EXPRESSION OF THE FRENCH CIVILIZATION

SOME DISTINGUISHED OWNERS OF RENAULT CARS.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MOTHER MARIA CHRISTINA OF SPAIN
THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC
HIS MAJESTY KING MANOEL OF PORTUGAL

His Grace The DUKE OF RUTLAND, K.G.
His Grace The DUKE OF PORTLAND, K. G., G. C. V. O.
His Grace The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND
The Most Hon. The MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON
The Most Hon. The MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY
The Most Hon. The MARQUESS CURZON, K. G., P. C., G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E.
The Right Hon. The EARL OF DUNMORE, V.C., M.V.O.
The Right Hon. The EARL OF BRADFORD
The Right Hon. The EARL OF DUNRAVEN, K.P.
Admiral of the Fleet, EARL BEATTY
The Right Hon. VISCOUNT BURNHAM
The Right Rev. LORD BISHOP OF LONDON, K.C.V.O., D.D., P.C.
The Right Hon. LORD BERWICK
The Right Hon. LORD ABERDARE
The Right Hon. LORD INVERNAIRN
The Right Hon. LORD HEWART, K.C.
Sir JOHN AIRD, Bart.
Sir ALFRED HERBERT, Bart.
Sir HARDMAN LEVER, Bart.
The Hon. Sir JOHN WARD, K.C.V.O.
The Hon. Sir HARRY STONOR
Sir E. MARSHALL-HALL, K.C.
His Excellency THE VICEROY OF INDIA

Renault Cars
Fully Equipped, Tax Included
From $1,850 to $12,000



RENAULT-719 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK SERVICE, PARTS 776-786 ELEVENTH AVENUE

THE "FIRST-NIGHT" FAKE

(*Continued from page 9*)

habitués of first nights, the critics.

Do you need assurances of the sincerity of critics' regrets when they have to report that a new play is not worth public patronage? Every time a bad play comes along, another play must take its place within a month. Every time a critic tells you that he was bored, the confession is wrung out of selfish reluctance and the chagrin of the knowledge that, three weeks thereafter, he will have to be sitting in the same seats in the same theatre, reviewing still another play. The joy of realizing some play good enough to plug up the opening in some theatre for the remainder of the season is not only æsthetic or academic. There is also the real relief of knowing that this insures an evening at home with the children now and then.

Besides which, almost any critic worth his weight in words can write you a pleasurable review about a play he has enjoyed. It is desperately hard to be agreeable about a play he has not. You cannot expect us to peg out columns of fine writing about a play not worth a paragraph. Yet most of us have to fill a more or less stated space a day, and it is gruesome to have to do so in fault-finding, faint praise and polite palaver about the scenery.

In short, the first night is always the most anxiously benevolent occasion a play can encounter. Everyone has reasons of his own for cheering it on, for doting and confirming, for saying hurrah to every moment of it. As for the quality of performance on a first night, it has the key of a gala affair to it, the comfort of extended applause, the exhilaration of novelty, the pride of experiment. At any rate, it ought to have.

In spite of which nothing would give me greater pleasure than to contract to attend the seventh or tenth performance of a new play instead of the first. So many new plays are already off the boards before the seventh or tenth performance is due.

THE GUILD MOVIE IS HERE

(*Continued from page 32*)

who were impressed by a good movie or box-office attraction a few years ago will go to see it a second time in revival as they would turn out for a revival of Sem Benelli's *The Jest* or Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma*. At present it exhibits a good film of the past every Sunday at the Central Theatre. It is making money.

The group leased the Cameo, Broadway's smallest film house, and presented a movie repertory for a week. Success crowned the venture and put money into the Film Guild's coffers. Now it is planning a week of photoplays directed by Ernst Lubitsch, the man who popularized subtlety on the screen.

So far, the Film Guild has given New York Emil Janning's *Deception*, *A Woman of Paris*, directed by Charlie Chaplin; *The Miracle Man*, which made box-office stars out of Thomas Meighan and Betty Compson; America's first art movie, *Broken Blossoms;* John Barrymore's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Anatole France's *Crainquebille*, Eric von Stroheim's *Merry Go Round* and *Othello* with Jannings. All of these films are over three years old.

It is a dream of the group to present the famous forty-two reels of *Greed* as conceived by Von Stroheim from Frank Norris' novel, *McTeague*. The shortened, censored version shocked the average film fan with its Zolaesque touches. It did not make money and its director, hailed by a few movie critics who are reputed to be intelligent, as a genius in film story-telling, has been put to turning out *Merry Widows* for the box-office.

The Film Guild would present *Greed*, which took three years in the making, on three successive evenings, much after the manner in which The Theatre Guild did Shaw's *Back to Methusaleh*. Then it would show Holbrook Blinn's version of *McTeague*, entitled *Life's Whirlpool*, made in 1916.

"Good pictures and those important in the perfection of the art of the movie shouldn't be forgotten," Mr. Gould said. "We don't forget good books or good plays. The men who have made millions in the film industry should come forward and help in this work of keeping the screen classics alive."

The Shadowbox group and the film repertory are the first efforts to satisfy a hunger long suffered by the American public. They represent the first attempt to separate the two widely diverse tastes of the picturegoer. They are portentous of a future classification of movies into those designed for the intelligent, the discriminating and the believers in good taste and those brewed for the thrill seekers, the sex fans and the indolent supporters of tawdriness.

A Nation-Wide Seating Service

AMERICAN Seating Company Service—nation wide—is prompt, efficient—satisfactory. Built up through fifty years of ever enlarging activity. Sustained by 15,000,000 chairs in the leading auditoriums and theatres from coast to coast. Further approved at the rate of thousands upon thousands of new chairs, sold, manufactured and installed every thirty days. Every theatre, large or small, receives appropriate consideration.

American Seating Company

NEW YORK	CHICAGO	BOSTON	PHILADELPHIA
117 W. 40th St.	18 E. Jackson Blvd.	79-D Canal St.	707-250 S. Broad Street

Ivory satin and black lace introduce an exquisite evening silhouette, emphasizing the charm of an irregular hemline. Imported by Bergdorf-Goodman.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
616 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

SONGS THAT MADE THEM FAMOUS

(*Continued from page* 24)

constellation of stage celebrities. Her inimitable interpretation of a simple little song was such that even the noted mimes of that era couldn't approach convincingly. For many years the fame of *Nancy Brown* preceded her, and she was never permitted to leave the footlights without singing it.

Before vaudeville had advanced to its present commanding position with its favorites, the old variety theatres of a generation ago likewise had their favorites and Gotham never knew a greater one than the "Irish Queen," Maggie Cline, who drew the exclusive circle of the Ward McAllisters, Bradley Martins and Vanderbilts down to Tony Pastor's on Fourteenth Street. There everybody came to listen to Maggie's "dainty little ballad," entitled *Throw Him Down, McCloskey,* written by J. W. Kelly, "The Rolling Mill Man" of hallowed memory. Kelly wrote many of Miss Cline's songs, but that fighting classic, *Throw Him Down, McCloskey,* was the one song that earned the "Irish Queen" a seat amongst the mighty. In it she sang of an Irishman and a colored gentleman who were to meet in fistic combat. The latter failed to put in an appearance, but one, Mr. Crackin, rose to the occasion and fought McCloskey. In its rendition she had the invaluable assistance of burly stage-hands, who dropped lumber and metal and raised as much noise as possible back-stage while Maggie painted in song a prize-fight picture that will never be forgotten by the thousands who have heard it sung for many, many years.

"Throw him down, McCloskey
Was to be the battle cry,
Throw him down, McCloskey,
You can whip him if you try;
And future generations
Will wonder and delight
And read on history's pages
Of that great McCloskey fight."

Ed Gallagher and Al Shean had for years been considered a good vaudeville act and played successfully in several musical comedies. However, they were never seriously coveted by managers as the necessary magnet to the box-office. After repeating the same style act for years, their popularity began to wane. On the point of dissolving partnership, they formed the acquaintance of young Bryan Foy, the eldest son of Eddie Foy and one of the seven Foys who made a city out of New Rochelle. During a conversation, the ambitious young Foy volunteered to write a new act for them which would consist of comedy talk and conclude with a song. Both troupers, having nothing to lose by this offer, commissioned him to go ahead. Within one week Foy had completed the promised act and delivered it to Gallagher and Shean, who thought so well of it that they immediately placed it in rehearsal. Later, on meeting Foy, Sr., Gallagher told him that his son had written what he and his partner considered a great act, but the father was dubious of his son's efforts at writing and made light of it.

Notwithstanding Eddie Foy's opinion, the new act was a public success from its first performance. It was the only occasion on which two comedians had ever sung about themselves and was the first personal topical song ever written—a witty lyric and a singable melody. Gallagher and Shean had become the theatrical men of 1921. *Absolutely, Mister Gallagher,* and *Positively, Mister Shean,* were the two absolute-positive song hits of the year. The two singing comedians became the most sought-after pair the theatre has ever known. All the prominent theatrical managers bid for their services. Their entire success was attributed to Bryan Foy's first song hit and probably his last. Rumor has it that Messrs. Gallagher and Shean have *absolutely* and *positively* drifted apart.

"Is it a comedy, Mr. Gallagher?"
"It's a tragedy, Mr. Shean."

England never sent America a more versatile artist than Vesta Victoria. She was first brought to our shores by that grand old impresario, Tony Pastor, who made a yearly pilgrimage to Europe in search of novelty acts for his famous theatre occupying the right wing of Tammany Hall. Vesta never disappointed the American audiences, for her repertoire consisted of novel songs, and the first one which endeared her to listeners was *Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow.* It told the story, as one recalls, of a young girl who wanted a canine but could not overcome parental objection. She sang at the time when the Four Hundred of Manhattan gathered for their after-theatre suppers at a private club in the Metropolitan Opera House. There they were often entertained by the leading stars from variety, and within the walls of this most exclusive of all clubs there was no one more warmly acclaimed than Vesta Victoria. Smart New York invited her to their homes, and at her departure for England she was tendered a costly reception. No visiting variety player ever received a warmer welcome or a greater farewell.

Vesta Victoria returned to America periodically and, after the passing of Pastor's, her engagements were played under the management of the late Percy G. Williams at the Colonial Theatre, now Hampden's, in New York City. Again all Gothamites flocked to hear her, this time for the famous *Waiting at the Church,* written and composed by Pether and Leigh, two English song bards. It remorsefully recorded—to the intense delight of the audience—the sorrowful plight of a trusting maid when she received a note from the false bridegroom stating:

"Can't get away,
To marry you to-day,
My wife won't let me!"

To lend enchantment to distance—this goodbye box of dainty confections from

Louis Sherry

New York Paris

Priced from Fifteen Dollars

Delman Sways the MODE for SPRING

GEORGETTE—Opal Grey Kid, Grey Lizard trim · Sauterne Kid, Lizard trim · Patent Leather, Grey Kid trim · Navy Blue Kid, Grey Kid trim

DELMAN INC.
558 Madison Avenue Bet. 55th and 56th
New York

PEARLS, DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONE JEWELRY

CHICAGO — EVANSTON — PARIS

Travelers in Paris are cordially invited to visit our Paris ~ Branch ~ 23 Rue de la Paix

All the advantage of the French markets with the American Service you are accustomed to

SPAULDING & CO.

JEWELERS and SILVERSMITHS

Michigan Avenue at Van Buren Street — CHICAGO

Ernest Truex, famous actor and producer

"Goodbye to Gurgle —*farewell to Drool!*"

Says Ernest Truex as he puffs on his Drinkless. Pipe smokers the world over are chanting the same gleeful requiem for the departed spirit of the "wet-pipe" nuisance.

Never again need you blow bubbles when you smoke; never again need you gurgle, gargle, drool or grimace! You've tasted your last bitter drop of "pipe juice" once you climb aboard the Drinkless water-wagon as thousands of pipe smokers are doing every day.

For you can't get a drink from a Drinkless Pipe! Study the illustration below. The Attachment is simple, scientifically correct, easy to clean, and guaranteed to work. Remember, however—the Drinkless Pipe is not a "trick" pipe or novelty. It is made in 51 beautiful models—by the largest pipe manufacturers in the country. Genuine bruyere, specially processed, beautifully finished. And just look at the prices!

Drinkless Peer -	**$2.50**
Drinkless Shellcraft	**$3.00**
Drinkless Premier	**$5.00**

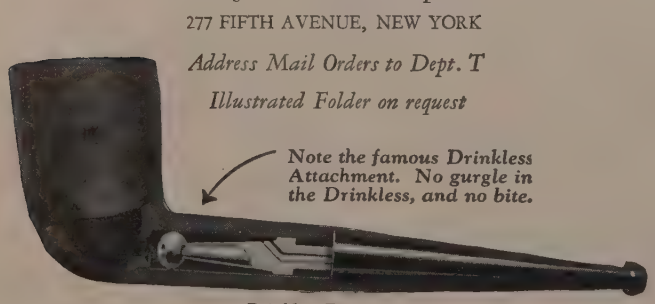
Sold at all of the better dealers, clubs, hotels and 3000 United Cigar Stores and Agencies.

The Reiss-Premier Pipe Co.

277 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Address Mail Orders to Dept. T

Illustrated Folder on request



Note the famous Drinkless Attachment. No gurgle in the Drinkless, and no bite.

Drinkless Premier 04

Minstrelsy never boasted a more ideal minstrel than Eddie Leonard. He created his own distinct style of singing which has never been rivaled and, in burnt cork, one finds it puzzling to retain the impression that he belongs to the white race.

Leonard started out as a member of Cohan & Harris Minstrels, and during one occasion the management had chosen a song, *Kiss Your Minstrel Boy Good-bye*, for him only to withdraw this assignment over his protest and give it to "Honeyboy" George Evans. That night Leonard wrote *Boola Boola Eyes* to supplant the former song. No minstrel in the history of this original form of American entertainment covered himself with greater glory during the opening performance of the Cohan & Harris Minstrels at the old New York Theatre than Leonard.

Boola Boola Eyes is still ringing within the walls of that famous old playhouse and it certainly sent Leonard on his rapid journey to stardom.

An obscure English music-hall singer until she chanced to meet with *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay* was the fortunate experience of Lottie Collins. The song originated in a colored brothel in St. Louis and was ground out haphazardly by a Negro piano thumper. Although the words were crude and off color, its music possessed a catchy air. The first to see possibilities of making a popular song out of it was Henry J. Sayers, manager of Thatcher's Minstrels and song writer of the nineties. It was, of course, impossible to use the original words for stage purposes, but he tinkered with it and soon completed a new version to the old tune, which became fairly popular with male singers and quartets. Sayers mailed a copy of the song to his friend in London, Steve Coney, an American and the husband of Lottie Collins. Coney, in turn, handed the song over to an English song writer, Richard Morton, and when it finally reached Lottie Collins, Sayers' verses had been changed to an entirely new setting.

SUCCESS OVERNIGHT

IT told of a young Quaker girl, who was demure and innocent throughout the opening verse, but upon reaching the chorus of the song, with the intonation of the *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay* part, became spirited and thrust off the conventional characterization of a Quakeress. The change of pace from the quiet verse to the gingery chorus, enhanced by an excellent orchestration in which drum-beats played an important factor, accomplished the instantaneous success overnight for Lottie Collins. She became the highest-salaried music-hall singer in Europe and no trip to London was considered complete until one saw Lottie in her song and dance. Her fame and the fame of the song ricocheted to America; and a highly tempting salary lured Lottie Collins to this country.

Lottie Collins sprang into the limelight with *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay* and when she passed away the melody went with her, leaving only a dim perspective of the past.

Little did Eva Tanguay dream when she replied, "I don't care" with a nonchalant twist of her head, in answer to Jean Lenox's offer to write a song, that her remark was to serve eventually as the title of a number boosting her fame sky-high. Yet this incident actually occurred some twenty years ago when Miss Lenox earned a livelihood writing songs to order. To the song writer, however, the response of "I don't care" seemed to epitomize the Tanguay spirit of a shocking disdain for society's opinion of Eva's histrionic talents. With real foresight, she embodied the Tanguay vivacity in a song and aptly gave it the title *I Don't Care*. This song and the saucy manner in which Miss Tanguay sang it earned for "the perpetual-motion girl" the reputation of one of the greatest female personalities in the "two-a-day."

A FAMOUS LISP

FRANCES WHITE was a young girl in her early teens in San Francisco when William Rock discovered her. Under his tutorship, the team of Rock and White was formed. Their first joint appearance was at the Palace Theatre in New York, where Miss White introduced *Mississippi*. It was a singing imitation of a little schoolgirl with a lisp and the difficulty she encountered in spelling that well-known name.

When Weber & Fields invaded Broadway they brought with them as musical director and composer John Stromberg, a musician who had been submerged the greater part of his career in a Bowery burlesque theatre wielding the baton. His reputation as a composer then rested on a fairly popular song, *My Best Girl's a New Yorker*. Once on Broadway, this new environment seemed to stimulate his creative energy and it did not take Stromberg many moons ere he opened the gates of melody, and soon everyone was whistling, humming and dancing to his tunes. Appearing with the Weber & Fields ensemble of 1899 were those three public favorites, Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton and Peter F. Dailey, in a pleasing variety of songs. To each of these Stromberg supplied the one tune that has made them pleasantly remembered. Fay Templeton with her *Rosie, You Are My Posie*; Miss Russell with her apostrophization of *Come Down, My Evening Star*, and Dailey's *Lou, Lou, How I Love My Lou*, resounded through the country.

In his early days George M. Cohan, the representative American song writer, actor, producer and playwright, typified in his songs the courageous, dauntless and spirited young Yankee. Born on the Fourth of July, the grand old flag was his inheritance. As a song writer he rode on the crest of national popularity with his *The Yankee Doodle Boy*, and to have heard him singing it one never doubted his sincerity. He wrote the unforgettable *Over There*, the most popular American song of the recent World War.

Ready-to-Wear Transformations by Manuel

Hair Goods Exclusively

Every Transformation by Manuel is made of naturally curly hair, secured by his own representatives from the girls of Brittany, famed for this treasured possession.

NOW you can get the world-famous Manuel Transformations ready made, at ready made prices.

This is the new policy inaugurated by Manuel following the opening of his own workrooms in Paris.

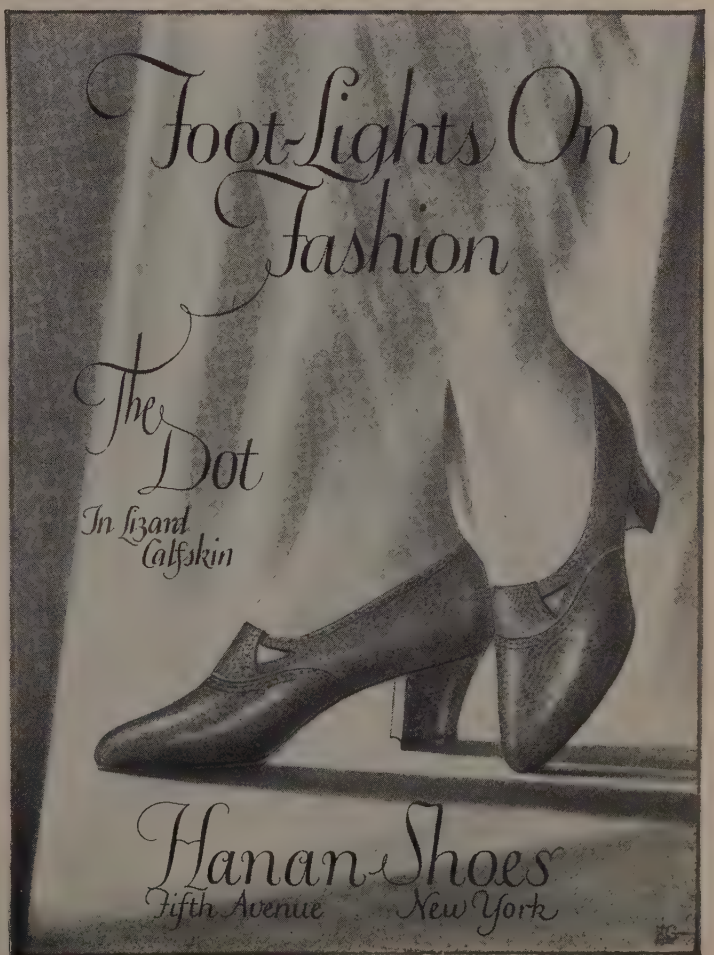
The same superlative quality and workmanship that have distinguished Manuel's Transformations, made to individual order, are in his ready-to-wear goods.

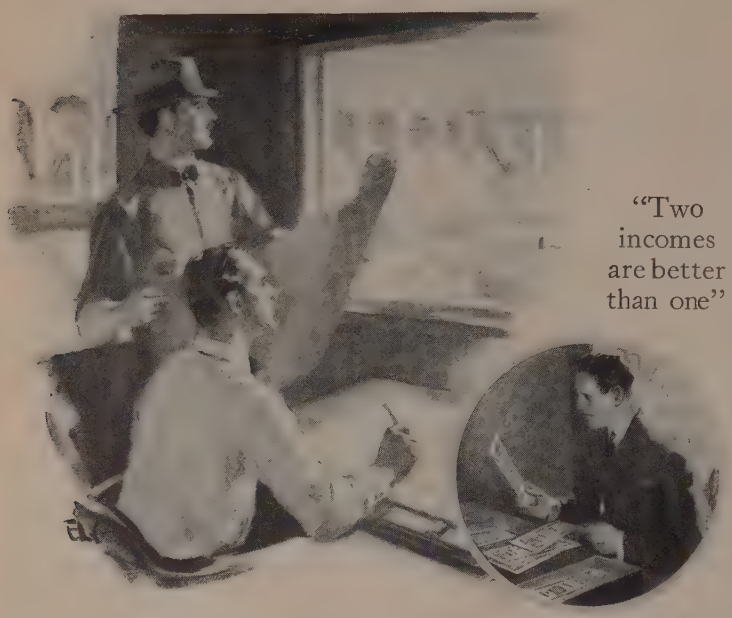
Ready Made Prices:

Manuel's Transformations, with sight-proof part $65.
Manuel's Transformations, without part . . $35.
Manuel's "Moderne" Wigs . . . . . $75.

Also made to order at Manuel's regular prices.

New York, 29 East 48th Street
Paris, 20, rue de la Paix





"Two incomes are better than one"

Putting your dollars to work

WHENEVER there is a waterfall to be harnessed, an industry to be developed, a public improvement to be made or a new human want to be satisfied, dollars are invited to go to work for their owners.

The best way to keep your dollars busy is to invest them regularly in the bonds of worthy enterprises. Thus employed, they will produce a second income, a dependable income which continues regardless of how your own personal earning capacity is affected.

Our offices in more than fifty leading cities are ready to advise you in the selection of suitable offerings.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS · SHORT TERM NOTES · ACCEPTANCES

And yet notwithstanding the fact that he was cradled in the theatre, the legend clings to Cohan as the modern glorifier of our country's flag.

To have written, composed and introduced a ballad that is sung years after her retirement before the footlights is the unique experience of Maude Nugent and her own *Sweet Rosie O'Grady.*

It was while awaiting her turn one night in Tony Pastor's, thirty years ago, that the genial maestro heard Maude Nugent hum a lively little air. Always on the lookout for new songs, he inquired of the actress the name of the piece. When he learned that her tune had never seen print nor had been sung publicly, he suggested that she write a song around it. A few days later she wrote the words and music of *Sweet Rosie O'Grady* and sang it during a ten weeks' engagement at the famous theatre on Fourteenth Street. It caught on with the audience down front every night and established the singer in the realm of stardom. Many of the prominent vaudevillians of the day, Lottie Gilson, Annie Hart and others, included Miss Nugent's winsome little ballad in their program.

Who can ever forget Harry Lauder and his chuckling rendition of *I Love a Lassie?* The droll Scotchman had entertained his countrymen for years with this piece, composed by himself, before making his American début. It portrayed a quest for one's lassie, and for three verses we are given to understand that the singer meets with disappointment, but in the last stanza, however, she appears. In the early days Sir Harry invoked the assistance of his wife in the song's interpretation. She was the lassie in the last verse in the song, thereby rewarding Lauder in his search for her. When he made his initial appearance in this country, it was his *I Love a Lassie* that amused listeners as it had similarly done in the singer's own country.

Songs have come and gone in Harry Lauder's active life, but *I Love a Lassie* still clings to the skirts of this kilted comedian.

Since the halcyon days of Billy Emerson, a representative singing comedian of his generation, with his *Are You There, Moriarity?* and *The Big Sunflower,* written by Edward Harrigan and Bobby Newcomb, the stage has never known an entertainer of the caliber of Al Jolson, the twentieth-century glorifier of Southern "mammies."

These so-called "mammy" songs, written and composed by native New Yorkers who have never been below the Mason and Dixon Line, evolved from the old darky sentimental ballads. But it remained for Al Jolson, this tireless black-face comedian, to interpret what little sentiment is contained in them. That he recognizes his debt to song writers was demonstrated at a recent gathering when he arose and exclaimed, "God bless the song writers, I owe my success to them," and he meant it.

A SATIRIST TURNS TO FANTASY

(*Continued from page* 30)

play with George Kaufman—*Dulcy.* Then followed *Merton of the Movies, Beggars on Horseback, To the Ladies* and then several musical comedies, among them *Helen of Troy, N. Y.*

In each play a rich vein of gold and glory. Almost overnight both authors became famous. They were "original," "daring," "smart," "satiric" and "cynical." They set a standard for sublimely ridiculous and yet strangely human female idiots with *Dulcy.* Almost every play on Broadway had as hero a young, idealistic booby after *Merton* appeared. Many a Babbit and his own peculiar noodlery sprang into being not long after *Beggars on Horseback* and so on. Whatever the firm wrote seemed to hold the mirror up to nature for an ever-increasing audience.

Mr. Connelly himself is in appearance "typically American." Prematurely bald, keen of eye—a superwise-cracking young man who jibes merrily and gleefully at the dignity of an efficiency expert in one play and now spins a tale about "Lollita—the Faery Queen," Barnum & Bailey, moonlit fairy dancing places and the hidden depths of a twelve-year-old boy's soul!

Truly this versatility is something to write home about!

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 18)

as Herbert Alden, the poet by day, and as Corporal, the directing brain of many robberies by night, gives a fine performance. Subtly and with adroitness he plays his dual rôle. He rids his sister of her fiancé, who turns out later to be a notorious crook, gives money to charities conducted by his sweetheart, never hurts anyone in his "stick-up" jobs, never sells any of the jewels, escapes to his dream villa on the Mediterranean and leaves a bewildered family and puzzled detectives behind.

Karen Peterson as Ruth Webster, the sweetheart, was delightful to look on and warmly sympathetic. Norma Millay as Cynthia, the sister, was pretty bad with a poor voice, little stage presence and less ability.

ORCHIDEW
CLEANSING SKIN LOTION

It soothes as it cleans!

ORCHIDEW is something new—a facial wash that takes the place of soap-and-water or cold cream and does something more—*invigorates the skin.* A towel-end dipped in ORCHIDEW cleans thoroughly and simply. After motoring, dancing, tennis, golfing or any sport; after shaving, ORCHIDEW is delightful.

For traveling—a bit of antiseptic cotton or Japanese tissue saturated with ORCHIDEW removes every trace of dust and cinders and does away with the unpleasantness of washing one's face in a public basin.

"My first use of Orchidew convinced me of its marvelous qualities. It is one of the most refreshing preparations I have ever used. It cleanses the skin thoroughly leaving it soft and smooth, with a delightful fragrance. For years I have been searching for just such a cleansing lotion and I hope it becomes so well known that it may be purchased in every part of the world."

Miss E. C. M., San Francisco.

"As a rule I think the average man cares very little for perfume of any sort, but the delicate clinging fragrance of Orchidew is so refreshing it pleases instead of being objectionable. As a lotion after shaving I find it invaluable."

A. J. K., Buffalo.

ORCHIDEW, put up in an exquisite bottle, one half larger than the illustration, is $1.50 the bottle.

Soft coal smoke need have no terror for you if you use Orchidew.

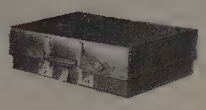
ORCHIDEW CORPORATION
2 West 45th Street, New York
Please send me a bottle of ORCHIDEW.
I enclose $1.50.

Name.....

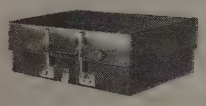
Street.....

City.....

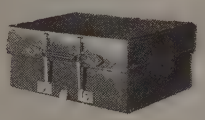
The Revelation SUITCASE
ADJUSTS to 14 SIZES



Packed for a WEEK-END



Packed for a WEEK



Packed for a MONTH

The Misses Mary and Florence Nash, co-stars in "A Lady's Virtue" are enthusiastic owners of a pair of Revelations. All experienced travelers agree that the Revelation is infinitely superior to old-style hand-luggage both in economy and convenience because

1. One Revelation serves every suitcase need.
2. Packs without effort, always fitting its contents exactly.
3. Always has room for more, eliminating extra packages.

The name Revelation on a suitcase guarantees strength, durability and efficiency for twice the life of ordinary luggage—in appearance it sets the standard of smartness upon which it has built its reputation in London.

At better class department stores and luggage shops throughout the United States and Canada.

Priced from $12.50 to $250.

Ask your local dealer or write us direct for catalog and name of nearest agent

REVELATION SUITCASE CO.
561 Fifth Ave., New York
at 46th Street
LONDON PARIS BERLIN MONTREAL

FRANCE *through the eyes of her Immortals*

Rouen with its blue roofs massing under pointed Gothic towers...dominated by the spire of the cathedral. "The Horla"—Guy de Maupassant.

Normandy of opal-tinted

blossoms and silver-toned bells! With the Seine making its tortuous way upstream from Rouen to Paris. There . . . dance, dine and shop. They are new experiences in this city where living is an art.

Don't miss it! A French Liner will carry you into Normandy—to Havre, the port of Paris. No transferring to tenders; down the gangplank; a special train waiting; Paris in three hours.

And you have had six days of happy companionship with interesting travelers while crossing on "the longest gangplank in the world". You have been delighted with unexcelled service and surroundings . . . invigorated by dances and deck games, parties and promenades. You have done more than justice to the concoctions of a famous chef.

The de Luxe liners, the *Paris* or *France,* sail to Plymouth, England . . . and arrive at Havre a few hours later. The One-Class-Cabin Liners, the *De Grasse, Rochambeau, La Savoie* and *Suffren,* go direct to Havre.

Your car is carried uncrated. Motor—or take an over-night train—to Biarritz, Europe's smart resort. Then begin the gorgeous trip through the Pyrenees . . . skirting ice-clad peaks and tempestuous waterfalls.

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, 19 State St. New York

Offices and agencies in principal cities of Europe, Canada and United States, or ask any travel or tourist agent

The Longest Gang-plank in the World

Courtesy French Line

Are You Going to Europe?

OF course you are—and if you haven't quite made up your mind, you're thinking about it mighty hard. There's a comforting warmth in the air now and, try as you will, you can't resist Europe's fascinating appeal. You can't forget that the Mediterranean is really blue, that Paris is the queen of cities that must be seen before you die, that Summer is almost here and with it your vacation. "But can I afford to spend my vacation in Europe?" you argue. "That must be so expensive." The expense involved in a European trip is merely a myth these days. You must have a change this Summer. That much you know. Wherever you go in the Summer, your vacation money will be spent so that the only thing left to do is to sit down, stare the comparative figures straight in the face and see for yourself the startling facts—that a trip to Europe is no more costly than a sensible vacation at home would be—that a trip abroad, with its incomparable advantages, leaves little to be desired, especially since the expenditure that must be made is equal to that of the trip at home. And now perhaps you're eager to know just how much money you will need. You're perhaps one of the thousands who must figure down to the last dollar. And we are the very ones who can give you such figures—all authentically calculated, of course—telling you exactly what your daily expenses will amount to. Then—what part of Europe to go to is the next diabolical question because, after all, you can't wander all over Europe aimlessly, indiscriminately. Your purse would never stand the strain. You must decide on what sections of the Old World you want to see most. In this we can help you. We have all information and data at our finger ends — illustrated booklets, steamer charts, hotel prices—all so complete that it leaves nothing for you to do but step on the steamer and wave a cheery good-bye. Any information at all, in fact, that is lacking we shall be happy to furnish. The cost of your trip—the comparative beauty of the world's best-known places and resorts—the liveliest and most famous European centers—the right boats to sail on—the hotels with their rates and their class—the most important places to visit in a short stay—and the thousand and more questions that may be teasing you—all these we shall be only too glad to answer. Just write in for Illustrated Booklets, which will be sent at once.

THEATRE MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU,
2 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

THE THAYER

United States Military Reservation

WEST POINT, N. Y.

Illustrated Booklet sent upon request

Located on the Storm King Highway and overlooking the Hudson River

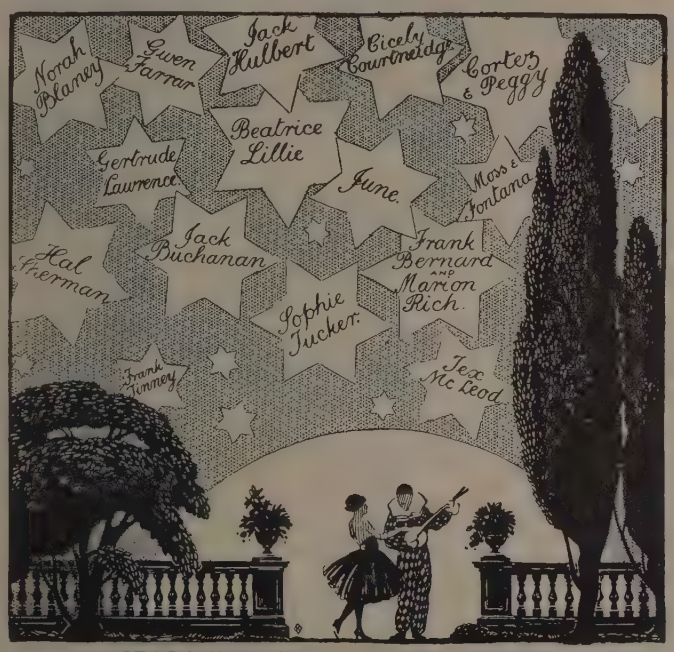
OPEN MAY FIRST

Grill Room and American Plan Dining Room

JOHN F. SANDERSON
President and Managing Director

THE THAYER WEST POINT HOTEL CORPORATION

JAMES E. GALBREY
Resident Manager



STARS WHO HAVE SHONE AT THE

Midnight Follies

LONDON ENGLAND

The Midnight Follies at the Hotel Metropole is recognized as the Finest Supper-time Entertainment in Europe.

THE GORDON HOTELS, LTD.

Managing Director
FRANCIS TOWLE

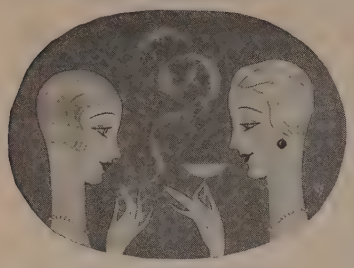
15 EAST 69th STREET

CORNER MADISON AVENUE

AN Apartment Hotel with the pleasing appointments of a luxurious home. Suites of one, two and three rooms either furnished or unfurnished. Larger suites may be arranged. Ready this Summer.

Renting Agent

DOUGLAS L. ELLIMAN & CO.
15 EAST 49th STREET
PLAZA 9200



Beauty knows no age

IN the maelstrom of smart modern society, beauty is ageless. Matron and flapper blissfully sip the forbidden concoction and flip the fragrant weed—each engagingly attractive in her own respective way! With it all, "keep your good looks" is apparently the order of the day.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN—noted beauty-scientist—to whom the world of fashion turns for prolonged youth and beauty—stands out pre-eminent for her scientific contributions to enhanced feminine charm. For you who desire an ever youthful appearance, her latest methods of facial treatment and her Valaze beauty preparations are indispensable.

VALAZE WATER LILY CREAM
Cleansing—youthifying
—the luxury cream. Contains a youth-renewing essence, extracted from water lily buds. Brings new life and beauty to the complexion. **2.50, 4.00, 7.50**

VALAZE EXTRAIT
Tired eyes—delicate skins
—an exquisite, rejuvenating lotion for dry, sensitive skins and for erasing "*tired look*" about the eyes. Apply on moistened compresses. Instantly revivifying. **2.50, 5.00**

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD
Clear—whiten
—"*the skin-clearing masterpiece*" whitens, purifies and refines the skin. A stimulating cream—removes sallowness, light freckles, darkened skin pigment. **1.00, 2.50, 4.50**

VALAZE GEORGINE LACTEE
Maturing contours
—wonderful muscle tightener. Pat in to strengthen and brace the relaxed muscles and tissues. Corrects double chin, puffy eyes, sagging contours and quickly restores a youthful, clear-cut appearance. **3.00, 6.00**

NEW!

Mme. Helena Rubinstein, ever quick to create new and subtly flattering cosmetics, now presents two new vanities that have instantly become *le dernier cri* in all smart Paris.

VALAZE DOUBLE COMPACT
VALAZE SIFTER COMPACT
Distinctive new Chinese-Red Vanities conveniently small, yet containing as much rouge and powder as ordinary large compacts! Choice of shades. **1.50**

VALAZE
Trade-mark

EVEN ONE BEAUTY TREATMENT at the Helena Rubinstein salon youthifies and vastly improves the complexion and facial contour.

Salon de Beaute Valaze

Helena Rubinstein

46 West 57th Street, New York
CHICAGO—30 N. Michigan Boulevard
DETROIT—1540 Washington Boulevard
BOSTON—234 Boylston Street
NEWARK—951 Broad Street
PHILADELPHIA—1719 Chestnut Street
PALM BEACH—323 Worth Avenue
PARIS - - - LONDON

A CHILD'S MEMORY OF THE BOSTON THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 37)

along, shoulder to shoulder, and are the ideal husband and wife.

People went to the theatre in much better style than they do now. My father always had a box and also engaged two seats in the front row in the balcony. My brother and I sat there by ourselves, so we would not muss up the ladies' dresses in the box, and as we were a pair of restless youngsters, bound to see everything that that was going on in all parts of the theatre, this arrangement suited us very well. People paid more attention to dress in those days, and there was more visible enjoyment of life. Theatregoing was an important social function. We always went in our carriage, and every box was filled with ladies in full evening dress, feathers and flowers in their hair, wearing beautiful jewels and carrying magnificent fans, many of them jeweled and costing hundreds of dollars.

The Boston Theatre, with its brilliantly magnificent chandelier lighted, was a gorgeous sight. Between the acts the audience visited and paraded up and down in the lobby. The aisles of the orchestra were filled with marvelously gowned women and handsome men.

Then came the anxious, stirring days when the nation was at war—with its departing soldiery, its brave women left at home, its every-day sacrifices, its martial atmosphere, its good news and bad news, its economic disturbances, its glories won and its visits of death in many homes.

Early one April morning in 1865 our neighbor, Mr. White, came round to our house about 7.30. He sat down, with his elbows resting on the table, when suddenly he cupped his face in his hands and burst into tears. We were terribly frightened, and he told us our beloved President Lincoln was dead in Baltimore by the hand of an assassin. I immediately woke my father, who was not an early riser, and told him the sad news, which he said could not be true, as the President was in Washington. My brother went out and came back with the word that it was in Washington that it happened, and our dear friend, Wilkes Booth, now a fugitive, was the assassin.

The city was all in mourning. All the theatres were closed and most of the business places. Everyone was viewed with suspicion. Even we seemed to be mixed up with the crime in various ways, for one of my father's clerks, named Ed. Paine, was arrested in Washington—Paine being one of Booth's accomplices—but our Ed. Paine was innocent and they only held him a day or two. He came back to Boston a very scared youth.

One can hardly realize the feeling of unrest and distrustfulness that seemed to possess everybody, and each man's hand was against the other. Edwin Booth was playing at the Boston Theatre. The house was closed, his season broken up and he was hidden away in his hotel, for fear of the mob, and then spirited off in the night to New York. He adored his brother, and even meeting him on the street his thin, refined face and brilliant, dark eyes would light up, and he would greet him with a charming smile. The loss of his first wife, his soul mate, filled his life with grief, and his face always bore a look of sadness. His own brooding melancholy was the factor that made his Hamlet a masterpiece. It was a part of his own personality projected into and becoming a part of the character.

The two plays best remembered in which Wilkes Booth appeared were *Marble Heart* and *Money*. Edwin Booth was best liked in *Richard III, Hamlet, King Lear* and *Richelieu*. It was his masterly performance in the latter play that converted Emily Mestayer to Catholicism.

LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM

(*Continued from page* 54)

MAME: I damn near turned gray gettin' you out of this jam, and I'm gonna see that you step mighty thin from now on. You're gonna lay off these temptation monkey shines with married men, y' understand? What you wanta do, take to the streets? I'll make you decent if I have to lock you in your room for the rest of your life. Now get your things and we'll go home.

JANIE: Did you finish your speech?

Janie now lays down the platform for her new régime. She is tired of being a slave. She is going to adopt the love-'em-and-leave-'em philosophy. She is all for an apartment of her own.

Bill comes in and Janie leaves. Bill admits what a sap he has been and Mame acknowledges that, although she could leave him, she never could stop loving him. The cast returns and Miss Streeter is very much upset at what she terms the insolence of Mr. Billingsley and demands that he be discharged. Mr. McGonigle backs her up in this, but immediately hires Bill for "idea" man in the advertising department.

MISS STREETER: I won't have that song in my pageant. I won't have *him*.

MCGONIGLE: As for Billingsley, I guess he won't shed any tears about the pageant. Now, Janie Walsh—Miss Janie, where are you?

AIKEN: She ought to be around here somewhere, Mr. McGonigle, because I had an appointment with her.

MCGONIGLE: You did? No, I think you're mistaken. She was going to meet me after the rehearsal. (*Jack comes in.*)

JACK: You lookin' for Janie? She just went riding with Mr. Ginsburg.

CURTAIN

Delicacy decrees this fragrant aid to beauty

No. 4711 Eau de Cologne: exquisite in odor, with an exotic charm that adds unmistakably to woman's powers of enchantment.

No. 4711 Eau de Cologne: highly beneficial in its astringent qualities; and essential as a protective base for cosmetics.

No. 4711 Bath Salts: Nine delightful perfumes

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap: Pure, mild and soothing.

Made in U. S. A. by
MULHENS & KROPFF, Inc.
25 W. 45th St., New York
Chicago
San Francisco

No. 4711 Eau de Cologne

Ask Them
How They Reduced

Most people everywhere keep slender in these days. Wherever you look, the great majority of men and women are combating fat.

Ask how they do this and many will mention Marmola. This famous prescription has for 18 years been reducing excess fat. Millions have learned its efficiency. The results are seen in every circle now. Almost everyone has slender friends who owe their figures to Marmola.

Users have told others, until people are taking 100,000 Marmola tablets daily. The treatment has come into world-wide use.

No abnormal exercise, no starvation diet. Just a pleasant tablet. No secrets. We state every ingredient and tell how Marmola acts. You know exactly why and how reduction comes.

Then why remain over-fat? Every idea of beauty and efficiency forbids. When so many people keep slender so easily, why not find out how? You owe that to yourself.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-ct. sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA
2-234 General Motors Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

Mail for 25c Sample **Free**

745

Footwear Made on the Real French Last

Hosiery in all the newest shades.

Latest Spring and Summer Styles now on display.

Afternoon Shoe

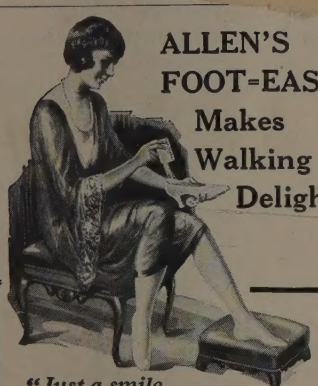
Patent Leather with Blonde or Gray Kid back — and other pleasing combinations.

On request— "Modes of the Moment."

CARCION MANFRE & Co.

MAISON (M) FRANCAISE

15 West 50th St. *New York* 42 West 57th St.



ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE Makes Walking a Delight

"Just a smile all the while!"

WOMEN who suffer from painful, tender or aching feet, corns or bunions, are missing many of the joys of life. If your feet hurt you can't enjoy dancing or walking, and you lack the poise of the well-groomed woman.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

the Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet, gives instant relief to tired, smarting, swollen, perspiring feet, painful corns, bunions and calluses. Shake **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE** into your shoes in the morning and walk all day in comfort. It takes the friction from the shoe and gives immediate relief to foot fatigue. It is a Toilet necessity. Get a package today at your drug or department store.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N.Y.

--------- CUT THIS OUT ---------

and send it with your name and address to Allen's Foot-Ease, LeRoy, N. Y. We will send you FREE a trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll. T. M.

Reduce at Home Under Guidance

No matter how faithfully you may exercise or diet, reducing is guesswork and uncertain unless you are guided by a Detecto Scale. Only the guaranteed accuracy of a Detecto regularly used will tell you the true result of your efforts to reduce. Strive for new health and figure—but do it safely with Detecto for your guide.

DETECTO

WATCHES YOUR WEIGHT

"Detecto" registers each and every pound up to 300. It is easily carried from room to room, and its beautiful oven-baked, white enameled finish harmonizes perfectly with the most artistic appointments. Every "Detecto" carries a five-year written guarantee and will last a lifetime under ordinary conditions. Its accuracy is certified and approved by the N. Y. Bureau of Weights and Measures.

Send for Booklet

Dr. Frederick W. Murphy has written a booklet on weight and health that is of special interest to women. It is valuable. You may have a free copy by writing your name and address upon this advertisement or just writing to Department 22, 318 Greenwich Street, New York City.

$15 East of the Mississippi

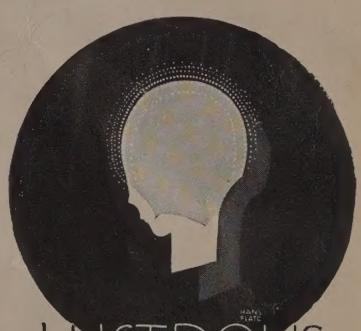
At the better hardware and department stores, or direct from

The JACOBS BROS. CO., Inc.

Makers of Perfection Springless Baby Scales

Scale Makers Since 1900

Dept. 22, 318 Greenwich St., New York, N.Y.



LUSTROUS HAIR /

You can awaken in your hair a living radiance—just as a master hairdresser would—if you use his secret of natural lustre—*a touch of henna in the shampoo.* The secret is yours, ready for use at home, in HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO. The clear, faintly fragrant liquid of HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO contains just the right *touch of henna* to bring out all the richest natural radiance of every type of hair.

If you cannot obtain HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO *from your dealer, send 60 cents to Hennafoam Corp., 511 West 42nd Street, New York*

HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO

As *it should be*

SINCE its extra cost, when spread over its billions of output, figures to but three cents per package of twenty, it is quite fair to say that Fatima, in between 'costly' and 'popular' in price, is decidedly more popular than costly

FATIMA

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *required by the Act of Congress of August* 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1926, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge, and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 2 West 45th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 2 West 45th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mrs. Georgine Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. Paul Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. F. E. Allardt, 2 West 45th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given: also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and the affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1926. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, New York Co., No. 369, Register's No. 5166. (Term expires March 30, 1927.)

[illegible] in his night dress.

"Clasping the eggs and sandwiches under my coat and holding the pitcher of beer behind me, I explained that I had been taking a little walk to calm my nerves. Luckily he preceded me up the stairs, but, unluckily, my foot slipped. I reached for the banisters and down crashed my entire refreshment layout! Fortunately, he had a sense of humor, and we both roared. But the servant earned the two dollars I left her for cleaning up."

Poor Scanlan died at an asylum for the insane, a victim of softening of the brain.

He suffered no pain and was very happy when his wife, the heroine of a remarkably dramatic incident in our New York life years before, used to visit and dance with him when the patients had an afternoon entertainment, but the effect upon her was heartrending!

MARK TWAIN was a visitor to the second Actors' Fund Fair at the Metropolitan Opera House, and my wife asked him to autograph some of his books, which were being displayed at their book stall.

Mr. Clemens did so and asked:

"Anything else you want auto-

keeper "sized up" his man, then landed an "uppercut" that laid the sworn foe of Bison William prostrate.

He was "out" so long that they all became worried. But at last he opened his eyes and asked:

"Explosion?" Nate shook his head

"Earthquake?"

"No."

"Landslide?"

"No."

"Injuns?"

"Yes," replied Salsbury.

Just then a terrific war whoop came from the tent.

"Run for your life!" shouted Salsbury. "They're coming to scalp you."

"Leaps and bounds" will only describe that crushed "souse's staggering exit.

MENTIONING the "Wild West," one recalls Major John Burke, "Arizona John," so called. He wore his hair long and his general make-up suggested innumerable and deadly combats with rampant redskins.

But John never saw Arizona or met an Indian until he joined the show! He had been agent for Mlle. Morlacchi, a beautiful Italian dancer, who afterwards married "Texas Jack" (John B. Omahondru), and Salsbury picked Burke as one of his assistants.

Indispensable to the toilette of well-groomed women for more than 20 years, De Miracle is the original *liquid* that quickly and gently removes hair at the roots.

60c, $1, $2—Everywhere, or direct from De Miracle, 138 West 14th St., New York

De Miracle

To Reveal Hair Loveliness

Beautiful hair is healthy hair—well nourished, vital, brilliant. Packer's Liquid Shampoo is made for the woman who wishes to maintain her hair at its best, to give it the help of regular and safe shampoos. In large bottles at all Drug and Department Stores.

La Boheme Trio with Solid White Gold Clasp Set with Genuine Diamond $35

Deltah PEARLS

Deltah Pearl Jewelled Pendant with Solid Gold Clasp $25

Leading Jewelers Everywhere sell Deltah Pearls at $10 to $250 the Necklace

L. HELLER & SON Inc.
358 - 5th Ave. New York
Paris—40, Rue Laffitte

Tune In On "Gems of Romance" WJZ New York, WGY Schenectady, WRC Washington—Tuesdays 8:30 p.m.

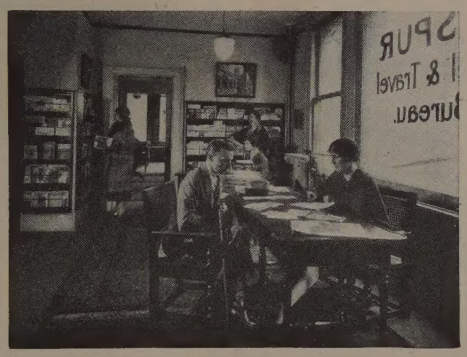
Do You Want An Entertainer?

Readers of THEATRE MAGAZINE who are getting up a party or giving a dinner, or members of a club who wish to stage an entertainment of some sort in or out of town are often at a loss how to proceed owing to the difficulty of securing artists. There are agencies where such talent can be engaged, but the kind of talent supplied is not always that desired and there are other objections to dealing with irresponsible parties that need not be entered upon here.

The policy of THEATRE MAGAZINE has ever been to render service to its readers. We want to help you now. We offer the services of THEATRE MAGAZINE'S special

Entertainment Bureau

for securing talent for our readers for social functions, private or public entertainments. Address THEATRE MAGAZINE Play Bureau, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.



Thinking About Europe?

The SPUR Travel Bureau

Is an excellent place to obtain—*free of any charge or obligation*—booklets, maps, time-tables and information relating to the British Isles, the Continent and North Africa, as well as every other land of interest.

The Bureau's Office—New York Booking Headquarters for many prominent resort hotels—is conveniently located at

Fifth Avenue and 38th Street

If you cannot call, phone or write. Your inquiry will receive a prompt reply from the well-informed Bureau Manager.

The SPUR Travel Bureau
Phone Cal. 0260
425 Fifth Avenue New York City

ARE YOU COMING TO NEW YORK?

If you contemplate a trip to the Metropolis, write for a copy of THE PLAY GUIDE, so you may plan your theatregoing before you reach New York.

THE PLAY GUIDE caters to your every mood. It directs you to the kind of play you ought to see. It tells you where all the interesting people go afterwards. In short, it makes of you that unique human, male or female, "the person who knows the right thing."

When planning a trip to New York, write for a copy of the latest PLAY GUIDE, enclosing 4c for mailing. If you live in New York, you will find it equally valuable for quick reference to all the plays on Broadway.

Address: The Play Guide, THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., New York.

NED WAYBURN

Acquire Beauty of Face and Figure

the same way so many Stage Beauties have done

Beautiful Girls in "The Follies," "Palm Beach Nights" and Other Successful Broadway Musical Productions Have, in Many Cases, Acquired Health, Grace, Poise and Perfection of Figure Through Remarkable Course of Training at Ned Wayburn Studios of Stage Dancing. SO CAN YOU!

Don't envy the grace, poise, charm and physical beauty of the young women you see on the stage. Acquire these qualities yourself. You can do it, under Ned Wayburn's expert direction—and at the same time prepare for a fascinating career, if you want to go on the stage. Evelyn Law, Ann Pennington, Marilyn Miller, Gilda Gray, Fred and Adele Astaire and many other internationally famous stars have been helped up the ladder of fame by Mr. Wayburn's new, amazingly easy method. Remember, EVERY type of dancing for Stage or Social requirements is taught at the Ned Wayburn Studios—*the largest and only school of its kind in the world.* Write today for Mr. Wayburn's new, FREE illustrated Booklet AF, which describes his remarkable Courses in detail. No obligation.

Amateur Productions Staged

Mr. Wayburn also maintains a complete service for staging private or amateur theatricals, supplying all costumes, scenery, lighting effects, dialogue, lyrics, music, orchestrations, etc., if required. Our amateur productions include Junior League Shows in New York, Atlanta, Kansas City, New Haven and Providence; and the Annual Shows of the Princeton Triangle Club, Vincent Club (Boston), Chatterbox Revue (Rochester), Filene Store (Boston), Penn State College, Lehigh, Cornell, Syracuse, N. Y. Jewelers' 24-Karat Club, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, 2nd's, entertainments and many others! *Write for details of this complete service at once.*

Studios Open All Summer

New Morning and Evening Classes in Musical Comedy Dancing for Adult Girls Start May 3rd and June 1st. Private Instruction for Men, Boys, Girls and Children, BEGINNERS, Advanced Pupils, Teachers or Professionals May Be Arranged to Begin at Any Time. Children's Classes on Saturday. Children's Summer Term (13 weeks) Starts Saturday, June 26th. Children's Fall Term (37 weeks) Starts Saturday, September 25th. Special Teacher's Course (4 weeks), July 6th to July 31st inclusive.

NED WAYBURN
Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.
1841 Broadway, (Entr. on 60th Street) Studio AF, New York
At Columbus Circle. Open all year round 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Except Sun. (Closed Saturdays 6 P. M.) Phone Columbus 35500

Read Ned Wayburn's New Book "The Art of Stage Dancing" (A Manual of Stagecraft). At your bookseller's $5.00. (De Luxe Autographed Edition $10.00) or order direct from the Studios

The Williams School of Dramatic Art

GEORGE C. WILLIAMS, *President*

ROLLO A. TALLCOTT, *Dean*

Students have opportunity of playing with Professionals in Stock, seven performances each week; as a Stock Company headed by five well-known New York actors, is under direct management of the School.

Professional Director — Teaching Staff includes twenty well-known Instructors. Courses in Acting—Directing and Managing—Teaching of Dramatics. Graduates eligible to teach Dramatics in Schools of New York State. Degrees.

School of Opera

Under the personal direction of **Andreas Dippel**, former Managing Director of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Theatre, Gymnasium, Dormitories. Courses in Scenic Design—Stage Lighting—Dancing—Fencing—Stage Craft. College Courses in English, Languages, Literature and Pedagogy.

Correct Speech a Specialty—Voice Training—Diction—Pronunciation.

Popular and Inspirational Summer School. Sessions open June 7th and July 5th.

Fall Term opens September 23rd. Send for catalogue.

130 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

SCHOOL of the THEATRE

Threshold Players

DIRECTORS

CLARE TREE MAJOR — FRANK CRAVEN
WALTER HAMPDEN — ELSIE FERGUSON
GEORGE ARLISS — RACHEL CROTHERS

Students play six times weekly for six months before graduation—Professional Directors Only—Scenic Design—Production—Dancing—Fencing—Pantomime—Voice Development—Shakespearean Reading—Playwriting, etc.—Special evening classes for students employed during the day.

Summer term opens June 29th.
Registration Limited.
Write for Catalog to the Director.

CLARE TREE MAJOR
Princess Theatre 104 W. 39th St., New York City

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent

For 42 Years America's Leading Institution for Dramatic Art and Expression

Fourth Season of Six Weeks'
TEACHERS' SUMMER COURSE
IN STAGE CRAFT, PLAY DIRECTING AND ADVANCED EXPRESSIONAL TECHNIQUE
Begins July 12

Next regular Term starts October 25th
Also Dramatic Extension Courses in co-operation with COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Catalogue and information, dramatic courses.
Room 172-E CARNEGIE HALL, New York

INTER-THEATRE ARTS SCHOOL OF ACTING AND PRODUCTION

The course includes practical training and public performances. Special productions to show work of advanced students

The Faculty includes: Madame Alberti, Madame Lacis-Baldwin, Helen Ford, Norman-Bel Geddes, Harry Wagstaff Gribble, Elizabeth B. Grimball, Kenneth Macgowan, James Reynolds.

For catalog of winter and summer courses write to
42 Commerce Street New York

THE ELITCH GARDENS
SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE

Melville Burke, *Director*
Faculty includes Edward Mackay, G. Bradford Ashworth, Carlton Miles, Boris Petroff.
A practical, intensive training for the stage School operated in direct connection with the celebrated
ELITCH GARDENS STOCK COMPANY
Session of ten weeks opens June 14, 1926. Applications for entry now being received. Detailed information and catalogue sent on request.
ELITCH GARDENS, DENVER, COLO.

GLOUCESTER SCHOOL
of the
LITTLE THEATRE

ROCKY NECK, GLOUCESTER, MASS.
7th Season, July 3—Aug. 28
Weekly Public Performances
For circular, address
F. B. H. Cunningham, 112 Charles St., Boston, Mass.

Lucy Feagin Studios
of Dramatic Art

SPECIAL SUMMER COURSE
July 5-Aug. 14 for Actors, Directors, Teachers, Singers. Acting in Drama, Opera and Musical Comedy. Diction, French methods of Pantomime. *Developing personality through training in Expression.* Scenic and Costume Designing.
112-114 Carnegie Hall, New York, Circle 1766

PERFECT FRENCH

for the layman, as well as those in the Profession, acquired by conversing and reading with a Parisian lady.

M. J., c/o Theatre Magazine,
2 West 45th Street New York

A SCHOOL FOR MOVIE ACTORS

Paramount selects promising material from 30,000 applicants

ONE of the most interesting experiments ever tried in the motion-picture industry has just completed its first stage with the closing of the term of the Paramount Picture School, Inc., at the Famous Players' Long Island studio. For several months eight young men and eight young women have been receiving intensive training there in the art of motion-picture acting. In November a picture was started in which these sixteen junior stars played the principal rôles. The screen future of the young people depends to a large extent on how this picture turns out.

Ever since the sixteen pupils were selected from more than 30,000 applicants the eyes of the motion-picture world have been on this school. When Jesse L. Lasky first announced the plan last Spring there was much skepticism as to the result. At the same time the motion-picture heads realized that the school project might prove to be a new and powerful force in the industry. The purpose and aims of the school were thus set forth by Mr. Lasky:

"One of the constant problems in the rapidly changing business of motion-picture production is the need of skilled players. Growing to immense size in a few years, the motion picture has not been able to recruit a sufficient number of actresses and actors to meet its ever-increasing requirements. Up to the present the acquisition of playing material has been left more or less to chance; any search for artists has been haphazard and, for the most part, ineffectual. The establishment of the Paramount Picture School, Inc., is the first step toward putting on a practical basis the motion-picture industry's efforts to augment its number of artists."

The sixteen students have been immersed at the Long Island studio in a curriculum that sent them home at night weary in mind and body, but they liked it. They rode, swam, fenced, boxed, danced and swung dumb-bells; they listened to lectures on etiquette, applied psychology, photography and lighting; but that was incidental. They acted. Day after day, in practice sequences, they rehearsed in pairs the same scenes, were photographed, whether perfect or not, and the next day picked their work to pieces when they saw it in "rushes" on the screen. That immense advantage they had over the young motion-picture actor—they saw their work while it was still fresh in their minds, and they corrected their faults before they became habits.

Contracts will be given the students on the basis of their work in this picture, although there is no obligation on the students to accept the company's offer and none on the company to offer them contracts. Needless to say, this situation resulted in the keenest interest on the junior stars' part throughout the term, and increased steadily as the time for the production neared.

The men in the class are Robert Andrews, Walter Goss and Irving Hartley, of New York; Greg Blackton, of Brooklyn; Charles Brokaw, of Columbus, Ohio; Claud Buchanan, of Boston; Jack Luden, of Reading, Pa., and Charles Rogers, of Olathe, Kan.

The girls are Josephine Dunn and Mona Palma, of New York; Thelda Kenvin, of Brooklyn; Iris Gray, of Wichita, Kan.; Marian Ivy Harris, of Atlanta, Ga.; Harriet Krauth, of Medford Hillside, Mass.; Dorothy Nourse, of Roxbury, Mass., and Thelma Todd, of Lawrence, Mass.

NEW BOOKS OF THE THEATRE

The American Dramatist. By Montrose J. Moses. 441 pages. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Enlargement and revision of a work issued under similar title some years ago.

The Jazz Singer. Play by Samson Raphaelson. 152 pages. New York: Brentanos.

Story of the Savoy Opera in Gilbert and Sullivan Days. By S. Adair Fitz-Gerald. 232 pages. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Origin and production of each opera told in entertaining fashion.

Science of Playwriting. By M. L. Malevinsky. 346 pages. New York: Brentanos.

The author reduces playwriting to an algebraic formula and throws a scientific bomb into the camp of the creative artists.

Secrets of a Showman. By Charles B. Cochran. 422 pages. Illustrated. London: William Heinemann.

Interesting ups and downs of a well-known English theatre manager's life.

Historic Costume. From 1490 to 1790. By Francis M. Kelly and Randolph Schwabe. 280 pages. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Characteristic costumes and a variety of features in types of dress, male and female, covering three centuries.

Representative Plays by American Dramatists. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. 823 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton Co.

Examples of plays which have had interesting stage histories, such as "Fashion," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Jack Cade," etc.

Romance of the American Theatre. By Mary Caroline Crawford. 494 pages. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown Co.

New edition of a work first issued some years ago giving interesting survey of the American theatre and its past history.

Behind the Scenes at the Opera. By Mary Fitch Watkins. 328 pages. New York: Frederick Stokes Co.

Entertaining description of the life of the singers behind the curtain.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY